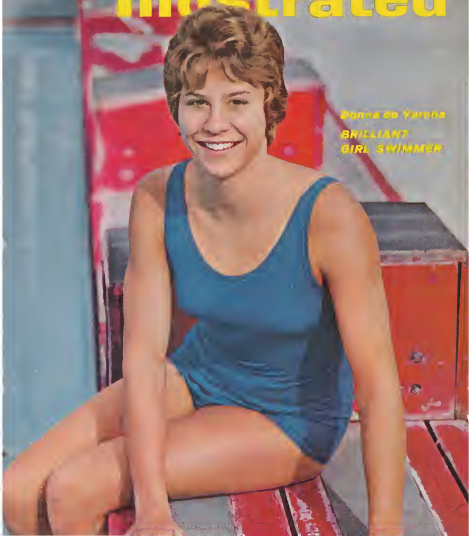


Sports Illustrated

APRIL 26, 1962 25 CENTS

Donna de Varona
**BRILLIANT
GIRL SWIMMER**





SAT., 10 A. M. For a week end in "Little Switzerland" four St. Louisans flew to the historic Crescent Hotel in Eureka Springs, Ark. They traveled less than 2 hours because the Cessna Skyhawk delivers speeds up to 140 m.p.h. The same trip by car would have taken over 7 hours. (Bonus! air distance is 250 miles; highway - 319 miles.)



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—including free flying lessons)



SAT., 8 P. M. Relaxing by the fire, they let a delicious southern dinner settle. (The loser at checkers has to bait all the hooks for the next day's fishing.)



SUN., 7 A. M. A big one! But that's not unusual around Eureka Springs. They caught their limit before lunch and spent the afternoon antique hunting. (Plenty of room for extra items in the Cessna's big luggage compartment.)



SUN., 6 P. M. Back home, refreshed, with a full evening ahead of them. Another wonderful week end—via Cessna!

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British Mohair.

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THE TOUGH GAME of lacrosse and an All-Africa at a Maryland school that reverses a figure in a report on a traditional eastern sport now drifting across the country.

UNDERWATER POLD is what Ned Leifer photographed when he set out to contrast the old, violent American game with the freestyle of today's refined worldwide competition.

DOUBLE CURVE DAN, the Pitcher Detective, lives again in Robert Cantwell's A Swinging Lough with the Blues Limited, a study of the hilarious interaction of boys' baseball books.



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POINT OF FACT

A golf quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of the casual fan and the armchair expert

? When was the first golf club founded in a) Great Britain? b) the U.S.?

• a) The Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers was founded in 1744 on the Leith Links in Edinburgh, Scotland. A silver club was awarded to the winner of the club's annual tournament. Ten years later The Royal and Ancient Golf Club was formed in St. Andrews, Scotland. It has been a continuous existence ever since. b) The first permanent U.S. golf club is considered to be The St. Andrews Golf Club, founded in 1888 in Yonkers. One of the charter members, Robert Lockhart, had been arrested shortly before for hitting a golf ball about a sheep pasture in Central Park. The course had only six holes, but there were numerous apple trees on it, which tested the skill of the members and caused them to be called the "Apple Tree Gang."

? Golf was once known in the U.S. as a rich man's game. What incident did the press do to dispel this image?

• In the 1913 U.S. Open, at Brookline, Mass., 20-year-old Francis Ouimet, a caddy on the course not long before, defeated British professionals Harry Vardon and Ted Ray in an 18-hole playoff for the championship. His victory received front-page notice in newspapers throughout the country, and, soon after, many thousands who had once thought of golf as an exclusive game began playing it.

continued



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POINT OF FACT *continued*

? What are a) featheries? b) gutties?

• a) Prior to 1848 golf balls were made of three small pieces of leather, sewed together with twine. A small hole was made in the leather, and one top-hatful of bodied goose feathers was inserted with a stuffing tool. The ball was expensive to make and often burst when hit, scattering feathers all over the golf course. On wet days the ball became sodden and was virtually unmovable. b) In 1848 golf balls with a gutta-percha (resin or gum resembling rubber and obtained from Malaya) core replaced the featheries. They were cheaper to make, and more durable and accurate. When first made, they were smooth like billiard balls and would not travel more than 50 yards when hit. It was discovered that used gutties, covered with nicks from the club face, flew farther than new balls, and thereafter golfers ricked the new gutties with knives and hammers. By 1900 factories were producing balls with a dent pattern.

? When did the rubber-core golf ball come into popular use?

• The gutta-percha ball was used almost exclusively until 1902. Then Sandy Herd, using a rubber-core ball, won the British Open by one stroke over Harry Vardon. The new ball quickly gained international recognition and has been used ever since. The rubber-core ball had been invented a few years earlier by a Cleveland golfer, Coburn Huskell, and was produced by the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co. It was approved for play and, in fact, used by Walter Travis in 1901 when he won the U.S. Amateur. But until the professionals realized its great advantage over the gutta-percha ball (longer distance), it didn't become popular.

? When did national tournaments for women begin?

• In 1893, at Lytham and St. Anne's, the first British Women's Amateur was held. There were 38 participants and the winner was Lady Margaret Scott. In 1895 the USGA held its first Women's Amateur at Meadow Brook Club in Hempstead, N.Y. The winner was Mrs. Charles S. Brown, who took 11 strokes on the first hole, 14 on another, but finished the 18 holes in 132 (out in 69, in in 63), well ahead of her rivals. Subsequent U.S. Women's Amateurs have been match play competitions, but Mrs. Anne Quast Decker, winner of the 1961 championship, played 112 holes in last year's tournament in nine under par.

—PAT RYAN

SCORECARD

BOXING

Boxing, and its possible abolition, continues as the debate of the moment in sport. The wave of protest that began when Benny Paret received his fatal injuries in the ring swelled again after another boxer, Tunney Hunsaker, was badly hurt last week. The New York State legislature has appointed a committee to investigate the sport. The Vatican has unofficially described boxing as morally wrong, though it limited its charges to the professional game and absolved amateur boxing. A *New York Times* sportswriter, Robert L. Teague, appearing on David Susskind's *Open End* television show, argued that boxing should be banned on moral grounds—claiming that since the aim of boxing was for one man to beat the other senseless, or at least helpless, the sport appealed to the coarsest side of human nature and should be prohibited.

Cus D'Amato, manager of Floyd Patterson, heavyweight champion of the world, defended boxing. "You talk as though it was something real," David Susskind laughed. "It is real," said D'Amato. "It's ugly," said Susskind. "It is not ugly," said D'Amato and launched into a defense of boxing as a sport, with its subtleties of offense and defense, its patterns and strategies, its reliance on the courage and dedication of the fighter, its testing of a man alone. Someone mentioned the injuries and deaths. "They happen in every body-contact sport," D'Amato said, "despite every effort on the part of all interested parties. Unfortunately, they happen."

Others argued that boxing, of all sports, gave the best break to minorities. It had helped the Irish in America a century ago (when help-wanted signs said flatly, "No Irish Need Apply"). It had helped the Jews and Italians. It is now helping the Negroes and the Caribbeans. Even Robert Teague admitted this. "It is the opportunity for the low man on the ethnic totem pole," he said. "Boxing is a short cut to money, prestige, status, power."

We feel it is that, and more. It is not a

gladiatorial spectacle, despite that frequently voiced charge. The gladiators were not free men. They fought because they were ordered to. And they fought to kill. A boxer's aim is to win—a significant distinction—and he goes into the ring on his own, with no weapons but his skill and courage. No athlete is better conditioned than a topflight boxer. None works harder to achieve. None depends more on himself. As we noted last week, a boxer runs a considerable risk but he stands to win a great deal, too, and not merely money.

Boxing is a hard sport, but it is a sport and a valid one.

LOST BY A BLOODY NOSE

A New York horseplayer who has had the in-and-out luck of all horseplayers suffered an unusually wry casualty loss last week. He favors doubles, parlays and that complex maneuver, the If and Reverse, which is too complex to explain here. Be content to know that he bet an If and Reverse on Daddy R in the eighth at Laurel and Mighty Fennec in the seventh at Gulfstream. Daddy R won his race handily, which meant that the horseplayer would take home \$55 on a \$10 investment if Mighty Fennec could come through, too. The race chart in *The Morning Telegraph* the next day described what happened: "Mighty Fennec worked his way up fast on the outside, appeared to have dead aim at the winner midway on the final turn and then bled from both nostrils and lost all chance of continuing his bid." Our man went at once to his neighborhood tavern and If'd and Reversed a Martins with a stinger.

MR. JUSTICE WHIZZER

Byron R. (Whizzer) White, the former All-America and All-Professional football player recently appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court by President Kennedy, "wrote" his first opinion in an interview with *Seattle Times* Sports Editor Georg N. Meyers:

"The little town I grew up in, everybody played sports. When I got to col-

lege, going out for sports was the thing to do—in the sense that people thought you ought to go out if you had the capability. I am reasonably certain that there are several things sport does for you. It is good fun, and that is not to be sneezed at. It is healthful, in the main, and that is not to be sneezed at. It is the one way to get some absolute experience. Even though it is an artificial and manufactured environment, you are constantly being exposed to critical situations which require performance under pressure, and you have to respond."

RABBIT BAT

The fiber-glass people, not satisfied with boosting Pole Vaulter John Uelses over the bar at 16 feet and smack into a controversy of international scope, are now invading the baseball world. A California firm has produced a fiber-glass bat



and the results, claim the makers, are positively amazing. With such as Mantle or Maris wielding one of these things, it wouldn't be a question of 60 home runs a season—that would be for a Pearson or a Williams—it would be more like 100. Don't scream. Neither Mantle nor Maris nor anyone else will get the chance to use a fiber-glass bat in anger. The rules of baseball specify that a bat must be made of wood. This year.

THE NFL SCHEDULE

The National Football League schedule for 1962, which was made public last week, shows some radical changes from past seasons, primarily in the Eastern Division. For the first time in ages the New York Giants, the Cleveland Browns and the Philadelphia Eagles will not play a round-robin, home-and-home series late in the season on the prime dates of the competitive year. Charges in the past that such schedule-rigging was deliberately—if legitimately—designed to guarantee maximum attendance in the key

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SCORECARD continued

city of the league, New York, have been denied but never dismissed. Now, apparently in the interest of more equitable on-field competition, the three strong clubs of the East will have their first go-round in, logically, the first half of the season. Pete Rozelle, the NFL commissioner, reported that an IBM machine was used to help draft the schedule. Rozelle said, "This equipment quickly proved the validity or nonvalidity of our scheduling pattern in many instances." In other words, the computer has pointed out the obvious.

UP, UP, UP!

Botz's, the business and financial weekly, reports that in 1961, when consumers generally were a bit cautious about spending, sales of sporting equipment went up 4% to \$2.24 billion, which is an increase of 100% since 1951. New records were made in sales of fishing tackle, firearms, baseball equipment, golf clubs, golf balls, winter sports equipment and sports accessories. Sports stores anticipate a further 6% increase in 1962, when they expect customers to spend \$610.9 million on pleasure boats, \$392.9 million on cameras and film, a large part of which is used to snap the family in action, and \$185.8 million on bicycles, the last item a cheery sign of the booming interest in fitness.

NO SENSE RUNNING

The National League has discovered that "temporary" is a word with a certain elasticity where baseball stadiums are concerned. The Dodgers, awaiting Chavez Ravine, played temporarily for four years in the Coliseum. The Giants were a season late vacating Seals Stadium for Candlestick Park, a move they sometimes wish could have been temporarily averted forever. Now the Houston Colt .45s admit that their revolutionary \$22 million domed stadium (SL, March 26) won't be ready in 1963 after all. At least the Colts have a novel excuse: they have to install a sprinkler system that is capable of washing radioactive dust from the roof.

Houston's problem is actually a bit more involved than that. The Department of Defense has allocated \$750,000 toward equipping the 66,000-seat structure as a mammoth fallout shelter. Because of further engineering complications brought about by the necessity of incorporating fallout specifications

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Better take the plunge.

SCORECARD

into the basic stadium plans, Harris County (Houston) and Colt officials are putting the bite on the government for \$1.25 million more. All of this takes time.

"There's no sense in rushing this thing," says Judge Roy Hofheinz, chairman of the Colt executive committee and the law east of the Pecos. "We want to do it right. Oh, we could still complete the stadium by 1963, but that would cost an additional \$6 million and those funds aren't available right now." There was a rumor that the delay might endanger the Houston franchise, but Hofheinz says there is nothing to it. "Warren Giles, the National League president, has been down here and he is aware of the situation. He's not pushing us. He's a reasonable man. We'll simply play in Colt Stadium for two years instead of one as originally planned. This is a brand-new stadium that cost us \$2 million to build; it will seat 33,000 and we think it's one of the finest ball parks in either league. You can call it a temporary stadium if you like, but it's big league in every way. There will be no hardship watching baseball here in 1963 or 1964."

Maybe not, but we were kind of anxious to get under that roof. And speaking of new stadiums, has anyone been out to Flushing Meadows lately? Is there really a new stadium being built there? Or have Casey Stengel and the Mets found another permanent temporary home in the Polo Grounds?

BOATING TAX

Booting people, who were as depressed as anyone else last week by the annual filling out of income tax forms, got more bad news from the feds. If the Revenue Act of 1962 gets through Congress in its present form, a boat no longer will be deductible for entertainment unless the boat is primarily used for business. And, no matter what business he is in, the owner will have to pay a graduated federal tax for ownership of a boat: a basic rate of \$5 for a 14- to 16-footer, \$2 more for each foot over 16.

The first point may be defensible, and the new tax scale is not unreasonable in some cases. A yachtsman who sails federal waters (everything washed by tide and navigable from the sea) has the use of government-dredged channels, gets hauled out of trouble by the U.S. Coast Guard and now can enjoy some

continued



Portrait from the past: kitchen of the Loucks Farmhouse, restored to 1860, Upper Canada Village, Ontario

CANADA...the wonderful world at your doorstep!

Scene: Upper Canada Village, Morrisburg, Ontario. Time: the past—somewhere between 1784 and 1867. Sound effects: the ring of the blacksmith's hammer on anvil, the clatter of horsedrawn carryall over the plank toll bridge, the steady hum of the saw mill.

Here on the peaceful banks of the St. Lawrence River lies a community of some forty buildings—pioneer Canada in microcosm. Upper Canada Village is a tribute to Canada's past, conceived when the St. Lawrence Seaway was planned. Historic buildings, rescued from the great Seaway flooding, were removed to a site in beautiful Chrysler Farm Battle Park, so named for the decisive battle, in the War of 1812, which determined Canada's sovereignty.

This year, the Village will be open from May 16 to October 15, as will the campsites, beaches and extensive recreational facilities

that comprise the Park, one of a chain that stretches 170 miles from Adolphustown to Glengarry near the Ontario-Quebec border.

Everywhere in Canada you will find historic landmarks, forts, museums and monuments, commemorating events in Canada's proud and colourful past. Of course, Canada offers today's visitor the 20th century pleasures of national parks and vacation playgrounds, holiday resorts, distinctive, cosmopolitan cities and modern, scenic highways. While you explore the past, you'll enjoy the present on your Canadian holiday.



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WASH & WEAR COTTONS

lovely national parks along the seashore. Why shouldn't he pay back the country for these benefits?

But the man who owns an outboard runabout on Lake Wapigog in Wisconsin gets nothing but another bite in the wallet. This man, and the approximately 4 million like him (at least as many as those who use federal waters, makes no use of federal marine facilities and gets no direct or indirect benefits—as a boatman—from taxes levied against boatmen in Oregon, Michigan, Cape Cod or Chesapeake Bay.

ONE FOR HARRY

The American Football League's Harry Wisner scored a coup in his battle to gain recognition from the National Football League when his New York Titans met the NFL's Philadelphia Eagles in Great Neck, N.Y. last weekend—even though the teams were pickup squads, the game was basketball, and the Titans lost 94-90.

HOME A WINNER

When Tom O'Reilly went to the hospital for surgery last January they took his husky voice away from him and gave him a slate and pencil. The first thing he did was to write a joke that made the doctors and nurses laugh. Then he called for a typewriter and, in high good humor, resumed writing his racing column in the *New York Herald Tribune*, datelining it, Pillsville, New York.

Tom O'Reilly cherished everything about horse racing: the stables before dawn, the early morning workouts, the breakfasts at the track kitchens, the talk of trainers and grooms and exercise boys and jockeys and touts and the 52 bettors who gathered every night at a certain drugstore in Greenwich Village, where Tom lived, to rerun the day's races. It was O'Reilly's contention that more solid sense often was spoken in such company than was expressed on a good many days in the halls of Congress.

O'Reilly was no stranger to the parimutuel windows and, for all the information that came to him at track breakfasts, he was no luckier than the next man. And yet, taking everything into account, what he gave and what he received, how he took the good times and the bad times, it could be said of him when he died last week at "Pillsville," at the age of 56, that Tom O'Reilly went away a winner.

END



Why we painted it black

It took us a long, long time to design, develop, test and build the Merc 1000... a lightweight 100 hp outboard motor. (Probably the lightest 100 hp motor ever made for any use.)

We unanimously chose black for its color. Why?

Black is symbolic of the midnight oil we burned designing, developing, and the night-and-day proving of this great new engine.

Black makes the Merc 1000 as distinctive in appearance from other outboards as it is distinctive in power and performance.

Black is a quiet color. And, this engine is quiet.

Black is a masculine color... and this is a motor for men.

Black appointed in silver and gold compliments your boat... and the man who owns it.

The boss said, "Paint it black!"

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**Sports
Illustrated**
APRIL 16, 1962

ARNOLD PALMER



GETS A BIG REVENGE



The golf duel of the year was settled in an extraordinary playoff of a three-way tie on Monday as indomitable Arnold Palmer, performing in that high-tension, high-rolling fashion that electrifies (one could almost say electrocutes) his galleries, won his third Masters championship in five years. In so doing he grandly evened the score against those two foes who had combined to dramatically defeat him a year ago: Gary Player and the Augusta National's 18th hole. In victory Palmer displayed, stunningly, the interior texture of his remarkable game. It is a game composed of human failings that let him fall seemingly hopelessly far behind and of superhuman resources that enable him to come fighting back as no golfer ever has before. Ahead on Sunday, he gave his lead away with woeful play, then—at the equivalent of five minutes to midnight—got two birdies to struggle into the playoff against Dow Finsterwald and Gary Player. On Monday he played nine dismal holes again, falling three strokes behind Player. Then, like a counter-puncher who revels in temporary adversity, he struck back. He birdied the long 10th hole and the difficult par-3 12th. He smashed a daring shot to the green and two-putted for a birdie on the treacherous 13th, then sank a 16-footer to birdie the 14th. Galleries call it "charging," and it's a word they reserve just for Palmer. In five holes he went from three strokes down to four up. He finished with a 68 to Player's 71 and Finsterwald's 77. For Alfred Wright's story on the events that produced the closest Masters ever, turn the page.

CONQUERING the hole that cost him the Masters a year ago, Palmer sinks a 15-foot birdie putt before a huge gallery at the 18th green

AND THEN THERE WERE THREE ...

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Anywhere else it would have been a sporting fantasy too absurd to believe. But when the 72 holes of the 26th Masters Golf Tournament ended in an unprecedented three-way tie last Sunday afternoon, and when the three players concerned turned out to be about the most dramatic combination of personalities there, it was hard even to be surprised. The finish of the Masters has become, year after year, a piece of fiction—characters by Saks, plot by Hitchcock—and the 1962 event enlarged but did not alter the pattern.

The estimated 40,000 spectators, the largest crowd in the many long years of golf who surged and roared their way across the rolling terrain of the Augusta National course, saw Arnold Palmer blow a two-stroke lead by hitting golf shots that would have sent a duffer scurrying to his pro for help, and then, typically, come crashing back with two last-gasp birdies just when he had seemed utterly defeated. They saw Gary Player, Palmer's arch-antagonist and the man who snatched the title when Arnold all but had it won last year, miss a 12-inch putt and alternate strangely between displays of rare caution and ill-starred boldness. And finally they saw Dow Finsterwald, who epitomizes golfing conservatism as Palmer does gambling rashness, carefully and quietly become the big third man in what everyone had assumed was going to be a two-man battle. As the crowd drifted away in the Augusta dusk the huge numbers on the scoreboard told the exciting and exasperating plot with which the Masters was torturing the nerves of its followers this year:

Palmer: 280

Player: 280

Finsterwald: 280

The fabric of a Masters tournament, particularly one as eventful as last week's, can be formed by a sequence of events as episodic as the pageant on an Aubusson tapestry. Before play started, for instance, there was the arrival of a herald from GHQ announcing that the 1962 army of competitors would total

110, considerably more than the previous high. (Grumbings heard from the tents of the commanders where past Masters champions are in session: "Too many lousy foreigners!")

Next come the scouts who have been swarming over the course on their practice rounds. "It is playing a little longer this year," they report, the same as they have been reporting every spring since 1934.

And then the opening day appears under skies as murky as Mississippi silt. The masters of other times are there—Hogan, Sneed, Demaret, Nelson—but the conspicuous figure on Thursday was Defending Champion Gary Player. Prematurely discounted in much of the early speculation, he shot a 67. Gary had played on the winter pro tour this year before flying home to his new house, two children and expectant wife in Johannesburg, South Africa. In recent years the Masters has gone to one of the leading performers in the winter tournaments, and Gary's few showings had been disappointing.

"To be honest with you," Player kept insisting in his clipped British accent, "I've been hitting the ball far better than I did last year. I've hit many more greens this year than I did last year, but I've had a complete lapse in my putting."

"Today," Player said after coming in from the first round, leading the tournament by two strokes over Julius Boros, "I played as well as I ever have, and I putted very well. I went back to the putting style I used last year when I won here. Until today I'd used a different putting style every day for the last three days, but that's not unusual for me. I never do use the same putting action for more than two weeks in a row."

There was something else about Thursday's Gary Player besides his good putting. There was the same tunneled intensity that had been so evident up to and through his Masters victory in 1961. After that, he became upset by the attentions that distract many a celebrity. Now, back on the golfing circuit after six weeks at home, he was all business and in the best of spirits.

Player explained his new frame of mind this way: "My wife is having a

baby in April, and I want to be home when it's born. If I win this tournament I'll go home to my family right away. I'll be on the plane Monday. I was not home when my other two children were born, and that doesn't make me a very good husband. But I can't go home unless I win. It wouldn't be fair to my sponsors, the men who put out the clubs and shoes and other things with my name on them, if I went home when I wasn't doing well."

Although Thursday was decidedly Player's day, it was Palmer who captured the largest galleries. For three weeks Arnold had been trying to hone his game to a championship edge. He, too, was desperately worried about his putting. He had lost confidence in it, though the idea of an unconfident Palmer is hard to grasp. On Thursday he had a three-putt bogey on the first hole and eight scrambling pars thereafter.

"Arnie has been very concerned about his putting," said Palmer's pretty wife, Wannee, as she trailed unobtrusively along with his gallery. She also explained the presence of a white cap on Arnold's head. He hates hats, but he had been having trouble with his ears. A winter infection had never completely cleared up, and he didn't want to risk a cold. After the three puts on the first green, off came the cap, for good.

On the second nine Palmer hit a five-iron into the pond bordering the 11th green to go two over par. Something about that shot seemed to ignite the fire in Palmer that burns brightest in adversity. He produced a stretch of four birdies over the remaining seven holes to finish the round in 70—two under par.

By Friday Palmer was ready to justify the spotlight that had been on him all week. He had whopped a savage drive off the first tee. The birdie he had had on the 18th hole the day before had cheered him up considerably, for it was there that he lost last year's championship to Player. "I'm going to get even with that hole," he said. Palmer hit a lovely seven-iron to the first green and sank the 12-foot putt for a birdie.

Here a middle-aged lady slipped up to Winnie Palmer and handed her a

continues

AGONY OF STRAIN contorts Palmer's face as he blasts a wood en route to his brilliant 66.



dime. "She does it every time Arnie gets a birdie," said Winnie. "This has been going on for years here." Winnie was to collect a pocketful of dimes that day. And Arnie had left his cap back in the locker room.

When he reached the 13th hole, Palmer stood two under for the day, having produced four birdies and two bogeys in the first 12 holes. From there on he delivered a streak of golf that will deserve that overworked adjective of the game—sizzling. He was entering that stretch of six closing holes at Augusta which is purposely designed to make or break the golfer who is brash enough to try to make them yield a sub-par score. Palmer birdied 13, 14, 15 and 16 in succession and finished the day with a typical Palmer display that so often overwhelms the opposition as he inflicts one of his violent attacks on a golf course.

Player, who was about half an hour in front of Palmer, was able to finish his round without realizing the full effect of Palmer's surge.

U.S. Open Champion Gene Littler, on the other hand, was playing a good hour behind Palmer, and by the time he reached the 11th green he could see what was happening. But Littler—who has been called Stoneface—is one of the few golfers not fazed by this sort of unsettling news.

Littler was playing—and continued to play—the best round of golf he had ever produced at the Masters. He had birdied the first two holes and just missed a birdie at the third when a 10-foot putt rimmed the cup and went out again. From there on he actually made the course look easy, acquiring his pars and birdies coolly, flawlessly. His final score was 68, but it could just as easily have been 63 or 64 with a little bit of luck.

Saturday afternoon Dow Finsterwald marched to the forefront. A ripe old veteran at 32, he has hardly caused a headline in more than a year. In his six best years as a regular on the tour, Dow won 11 tournaments and was consistently among the leading money winners in pro golf, once being in the prize money 72 straight times. Last year, for reasons he can't quite explain, the enviable fluid swing that made his shots look so easy gradually disappeared, and so did his

victories. He has played well in previous Masters and would have tied Palmer in 1960 had he not called a two-stroke penalty on himself for taking a practice putt early in the tournament.

Only a couple of weeks ago Finsterwald put a brand-new hickory shaft into his beat-up old mallet-head putter. On Saturday he needed to use it only 24 times in 18 holes as he brought in a score of 65, the lowest round in the Masters in the past seven years and only a stroke more than Lloyd Mangrum's 1960 tournament record.

Palmer, meanwhile, had been moving steadily onward with a fine round of 69, but now it was Finsterwald, his closest friend on the golfing tour, who was in immediate pursuit just two strokes to the rear. Player and Littler, each with 71s on Saturday, were laying third and fourth and far from dismal.

The stage was set for the apocalyptic Sunday and the three-way tie.

When Arnold Palmer and Gary Player—it was part of the script, of course, that their scores would result in their playing together—teed off at 25 minutes past one on Sunday afternoon for their final round it seemed as if Palmer were embarking on a private contest of his own against Ben Hogan's nine-year-old tournament record of 274 strokes for the full 72 holes. The setting certainly was propitious for such a moment of great drama on this most theatrical of all golfing landscapes. For the first time all week the weather was lazily sunny with just the whisper of a breeze. The vast gallery, "Arnie's Army," lined both sides of the 400-yard first fairway several deep from tee to green.

So far this had actually been Arnold Palmer's tournament. Before it began he had been the betting favorite at the somewhat ridiculous odds of 4 to 1. He himself had prophesied it would take a score of 275 to win, and it required very little guessing to figure out who this determined man thought would shoot it—or better. He was now 11 strokes under par with his 70-66-69, and a new record was well within his reach. All he needed was a neat, efficient round of 68 to best the Hogan mark of an earlier day.

There were only three men who could conceivably threaten Palmer at this point. Finsterwald, two strokes back by virtue of that extraordinary 65. Player, four behind; Littler, one behind Player. Oh, yes, one other—Arnold Palmer.

Trying to break Hogan's 274, Palmer began to play as if he were going to shoot

274. He missed a putt on the first hole. He missed another of 20 inches on 2. He drove into the woods on 3. On the three-par fourth he hit a one-iron like a pop to shortstop, and it plopped down hard by 125 yards from the tee.

The disintegration of Arnold Palmer's golf game was now as astounding as if he had suddenly undressed in the middle of one of the fairways. On the 7th hole he missed a six-foot putt, and his lead was gone. On 10 he took a dreadful double bogey to drop two strokes behind Player and Finsterwald. By the time Palmer reached the 16th hole of this disastrous round, his collapse looked irretrievable. He was still two strokes behind Finsterwald, who had holed out at the 72nd with a score of 280, and also still two behind Player, who had been hitting the ball well after a shaky start—including two bogeys on the first three holes.

At this point, Palmer hit a live-iron off the 16th tee, and his ball came to rest just off the right edge of the green, a tree-shaded, pond-bordered piece of turf that makes as pretty a sight as there is in golf. Player followed with a four-iron to within nine feet of the hole. It was Arnold's turn to play first. As he looked over the 45 feet of undulating grass between his ball and the pin, a par seemed difficult, a birdie impossible. He took a wedge from his bag and stroked the ball delicately. It rolled down the fast-sloping green and lodged itself between the flagstick and the edge of the cup for a birdie 2. Player two-putted for his par, and now Palmer was only a single stroke behind the leaders.

On the next hole, the 400-yard uphill 17th, Palmer hit a murderous drive and followed with a beautiful eight-iron that landed 12 feet from the pin. He sank this putt for another birdie to draw even with Finsterwald and Player. And so the match ended as Palmer and Player completed the final hole in par.

Naturally, everyone wondered what could possibly have happened to Palmer's golf. "You always think you're getting smarter at this game," he explained when he finally had a chance to relax, "but every now and then you have a relapse and realize you're not as smart as you thought you were."

Arnold Palmer left it for others to say that the manner in which he turned misfortune aside was one of the supreme moments of his career. His comeback took him to the playoff and insured that the 1962 Masters would have as dramatic a climax as—well, as a Masters. **END**

WHOOOP OF JOY comes from Player as long putt falls for eagle to put him two strokes up.



RECORD-BREAKING DAY IN AUSTIN

A small, almost unknown band of runners from an all-Negro college captured honor, glory and the fans at the Texas Relays

by **TEX MAULE**

As Lester Milburn, one of 11 relatively unknown young track men from a heretofore obscure Negro college in Houston, came off the curve into the first straight of the mile relay last week at the Texas Relays, the 12,000-odd people in Memorial Stadium in Austin broke into clamorous and prolonged applause. Milburn finished some 50 yards ahead of the second-place runner, completing an

SURROUNDED BY his runners, Texas Southern's Stan Wright accepts trophy awarded to outstanding team from Texas Relays queen.



amazing sweep of five races for Texas Southern University. Not only did Texas Southern's 11 men win all the relays they entered, they set a meet record in each one (see page 81), and all but bankrupted their pudgy coach, Stanley V. Wright, who buys the team a steak dinner for each record broken.

This was the first of a long series of annual spring relay carnivals (among them the Kansas, Drake, Coliseum, Modesto, Penn and Fresno relays). It was

also the first time a Negro college had been allowed to enter the Texas Relays. By its performance—which included a 3:09 in the mile, the fastest in the country this year—Texas Southern established itself as very likely the best all-round relay track team in the nation.

The school, which offers a wide variety of degrees and is particularly strong in the sciences, has been in existence only 14 years. In that time its enrollment has swelled to 3,435, and it now has as

impressive a campus as the neighboring University of Houston. Wright, a pleasant, open and friendly man who was raised in New Jersey, has been the track coach for 12 years. A graduate of Springfield College in Massachusetts, with a master's degree in physical education from Columbia, he uses neither magic nor deep subsidization to develop his tremendous relay teams. Of the present squad of 41, only six are in school on athletic scholarships, but Texas Southern does have one natural recruiting advantage: a plethora of fine Negro running talent close at hand in Texas high schools. With athletic integration of major Texas colleges soon to come, Texas Southern may lose that edge, but Wright feels it will still have an important plus in its pleasant and comfortable social life.

"Midwest schools have come down here recruiting," he said at Austin. "But some of the boys who went from the Negro high schools to integrated big schools there found the social adjustment hard to make. We feel if we can get a boy to visit our campus, he will stay."

Rather than recruiting, however, Stan Wright's forte as a coach is his sensitive and intelligent approach to his athletes. As they prepared for their amazing day in Austin, he fussed over them as worriedly as a buddy hen. "Some boys I have to raise my voice to," he said, raising his voice to one runner who had a toothpick in his mouth ("It looks bad, and suppose you swallow it?"). "Some of them I put my arm around their shoulders and talk to them. Some I've got to hug and kiss."

Wright walked over to four runners before the first relay race. He crouched and joined hands with them for a moment, telling them quietly to do their best. They didn't disappoint him. Three, in fact, had the killing chore of running on three relay teams. As the afternoon wore on, the almost all-white crowd cheered TSU more and more enthusiastically. After the loudest cheer, when the time of the mile relay was announced, Wright turned from his athletes, looked past the stands and said, "That's a wonderful sound, isn't it?" It was. **END**

'WHAT A FINE LITTLE MAN'

Eddie Arcaro, the world's premier jockey and one of Thoroughbred racing's most colorful personalities for three decades, has called it quits at the age of 46

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Am I proud of him?" asked Pasquale Arcaro, the father of the jockey. "Prouder than anyone will ever know. I'm 70 now, and the doctors didn't want me to come to his retirement party. But I had to come to hear him say himself that he was through. He's got money and a fine family and a great name. Do you remember the day when he fell from Black Hills in the Belmont Stakes? It was June 13, 1959, and when I saw him go down I thought he was dead and I had a heart attack right in the stands. But I remember May 7, 1938, too. The day he won his first Derby—with Lawrin. My wife hardly ever touched a drop, but that night we went out and tied one on."

"How do I feel?" asked Ruth Arcaro, the wife of the jockey. "I can't recall being this happy in oh so long. These last few years I've been terribly afraid for him and so have the children, Carolyn and Bobby. Some Saturdays I'd get up just enough nerve to put on the television set to watch him ride, but then I couldn't. I'd look the other way and hope that nothing went wrong."

"After 31 years," said Joe E. Lewis, the horseplayers' comedian. "The little champ has retired. Do you know that if that bum retired 31 years ago I'd be a billionaire today?"

"For the last three years," said Eddie Arcaro, the master, the millionaire, the most famous man to ride a horse in America since Paul Revere. "I wasn't what everyone said I was—the premier jockey. There were days when the barstools got so bad that I couldn't lift my right arm. But I kept it a secret, and I fooled many a guy when the finishes got close. Once I thought I was the best and that there was no one close to me. But

recently I didn't want to ride. I'd say to my agent [Bones LaBoyne] 'Bones, get me on just enough horses so that I can ride between 2 and 3 in the afternoon.' Arcaro laughed and LaBoyne, listening, covered his eyes with his right hand. "Maybe," Arcaro continued, "if George Widener decided to run Jaapur in the Derby I would have stayed around. But I thought it all over, and decided it was time. Once I take this dive [retiring] there is no coming back. When everyone considers it they would have to think of me as being among the top five."

If Arcaro meant only among the top five jockeys then he was underestimating his own skills. Baron Fred O'Sten, an internationally known racing authority, once said, "Since 1920 I have seen all the top jockeys ride in countries throughout the world, men such as Steve Donoghue, Sir Gordon Richards, Charley Elliott, Earl Sande, Roger Poincelot, Rae Johnstone and many others. Arcaro is far superior to any of them." To ask America's horseplayers which five Arcaro belongs to would be folly. To horseplayers he ranks with Edison, Washington, Lincoln and Churchill. In truth, however, as an athlete Eddie Arcaro ranks with Dempsey, with Ruth, with Jones, with Tilden. As a jockey no one may be considered close to him, and although purses have increased and will continue to increase no rider will ever threaten him as the top stakes jockey of all time. His record of 4,779 winners will pass, and so will his money-earning record of \$30,039,543. But the record of 549 stakes won may stand forever. Arcaro also won 17 Triple Crown races and no active jockey has won more than four.

Once Eddie Arcaro said, "I really be-

lieve I have my best judgment when the money is hanging up there," and owners and trainers sought that judgment for every major stakes race run in this country since the early '40s. Since 1941 he had the mounts on ten Horses of the Year while no one else ever handled more than two. "I believe that he became aware of his greatness," says Arcaro's good friend and onetime riding enemy, Sam Remick, "after he won that Derby with Lawrin. He was good before it, but after it he became great. He had confidence like no one I've ever seen on a racetrack."

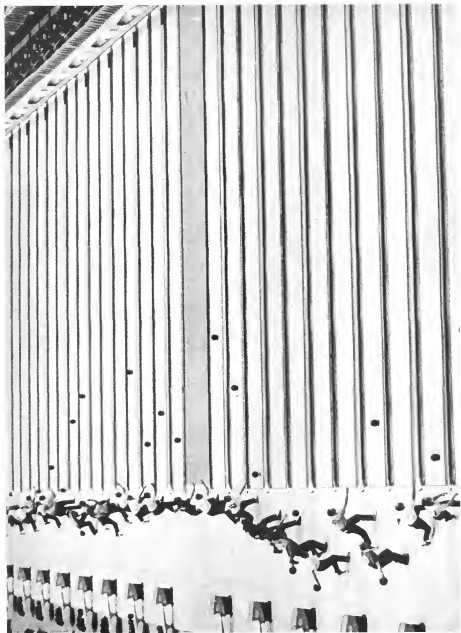
Says Arcaro: "There were plenty of times when I was afraid. Every day something would come up that would give me a scare. But I figure that when I signed my name to be a jockey that death might be a part of it. Every jockey should know that or get out. Jockeys know what hard competition is, and in racing if you want to make it real big you can't be afraid of dyn't. That day I fell from Black Hills didn't bother me. You couldn't have put a gun into my back then and made me stop riding. I didn't think the injury was that serious."

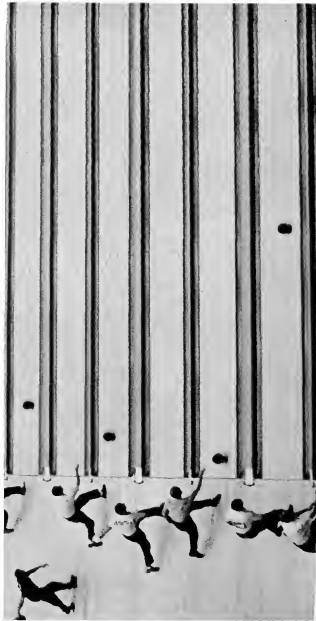
"I've been thrown or fallen off horses when I was bettin' my own money. One day at Tropical Park I was riding a horse for John Gaver [currently the trainer for Greentree Stable], and I bet \$10,000 on him. I thought he was that sure a thing. When we came into the stretch I started to ease up on him he was so far in front. I figured if he won by too much that the handicappers would sock weight to him. As I started to ease up on him he went to the outside fence and jumped right over it. There I was, sittin' on my butt, out a horse race and out \$10,000."

Aside from the great horses and the

continued on page 71







Like significant dots on a zigzagging corporate sales chart, some 40 bowling balls hit the alleys simultaneously at the beginning of the 59th American Bowling Congress tournament in Des Moines. As a business index the rolling balls may seem to augur an uncertain future, but by the time the 69-day tournament (total prize money: \$500,000) is over, 27,000 contestants will doubtless have proved that bowling as a sport is booming.

Roll-a Bowl-a Boom

Tom Ivers

YOUTH PUTS THE U.S. IN FRONT

by **ARLIE W. SCHARDT**

In the six years since they took their worst beating at the hands of their Australian hosts in the 1956 Olympic Games, American male swimmers have been scrambling to get back in front. Whatever doubts remained about American swimmers after their close fights with Australia and Japan at the Rome Games two years ago were dissolved last week in Bartlesville, Okla. As challengers replaced champions and the records fell in the men's national championship in Bartlesville, it was clear that in every stroke—even in distance events dominated by Australia and Japan of late—the U.S. was back in charge.

In the first hours of the meet, in the

seemingly endless laps of the 1,500-meter freestyle, one 17-year-old California boy, Roy Saari, did about as much for his country as any swimmer could do in a single race. Dragging his legs in an odd scissors style, pulling himself through lap after lap, high schooler Saari swept under the bright orange finish flags in 16:54.1, the first swimmer in the world to go 1,500 meters in less than 17 minutes, cutting 28 seconds off the American record and leaving the veterans of two Olympics nearly a pool length behind him.

Saari's immediate reward was a novel one. He received several minutes of almost uninterrupted silence from spectators and officials. It was a respectful, churchlike silence—no one on the deck or in the gallery could wholly believe

what he had just seen. Still, there in lane 3, near the finish floated Saari, pulling in deep draughts of air. He was real, all right, and across the pool, motionless, on his back in a funeral pose, lay Australia's three-time Olympic Champion Murray Rose, who stayed above water by draping his blond head across a lane marker. Between the two, holding onto the edge of the pool in lane 4, Japan's Tsuyoshi Yamanaka, an Olympic medalist in 1956 and 1960, stared thoughtfully ahead—at nothing. And on the wet tile deck of the pool, standing in the cluster of timers, who could not bring themselves to write down what they read on the watches in their hands, another Australian Olympic champion, John Konrads, who owns most of the world freestyle records, looked steadily down at Saari.

Robert Caplan



Rose and Yamanaka had swum the fastest times of their lives and still taken a sound beating: Konrads had not recorded a fast enough time this year even to qualify for the final heat with Saari.

The Olympic veterans had ample opportunity to outsmart—or outswim—Saari in the 220- and 440-yard freestyle races on the following two days, but none of them did. Saari won his second title the next night, winning a perfectly paced 220 by a finger-length over two other California teen-agers—18-year-old Ed Townsend and 15-year-old Don Schollander, both of whom joined him in breaking the American record.

In the opinion of Saari's father (who is also his coach), the final race—the 440—is the one in which "Murray Rose is the most dangerous competitor in the world." When Saari burst past Rose in the last 40 yards of still another record-breaking race, the overflowing gallery, no longer stifled by awe or disbelief, was on its feet, cheering.

Murray Rose sat on the edge of the pool for many minutes after the 440, the race he had owned for nearly seven years. "That boy," grinned the 23-year-old Olympian, "is really hot. I really thought I had him in this one, but it looks like he's just too much for us old beggars." By taking dead aim and beating the best swimmers the world has to offer, Saari has made a target of himself. He is now the pacesetter, the man to beat.

The bold march of youth to the front ranks of international competition—rare in other sports—is becoming fairly routine in swimming. In this year's nationals almost half of the 72 finalists in individual races were high schoolers and college freshmen, most of them products of the AAU's vast age-group program and improved coaching at secondary school level. In the whole meet only the durable and rock-hard collegians of the University of Indiana, winning eight events, were able to keep the ramp-

ant high schoolers from taking the lion's share.

Officials and coaches, remembering the dark days of the 1956 Games and the hard road back to Rome, have little doubt that with Saari and the rest of the high school pack the U.S. is now back on top in men's as well as women's swimming.

Though the country's swimming future seems safe, not one of the young swimmers who is making it so—not even one as good as Saari—can be equally sure of his own future. In girls' swimming, which has never enjoyed the benefits of a serious collegiate program, for some years extreme youth has prevailed. And as the youngest pacesetter of them all, 14-year-old Donna de Varona, confides in the story of her short, tough competitive life, beginning on the next page, every swimmer must live with the thought that there are still younger, faster kids coming up.

With long, smoothly balanced strokes, young record breaker Roy Saari sweeps to victory in the 220-yard freestyle



STILL ON TOP AT 14

Donna de Varona is a high school freshman and an Olympic veteran and a world record holder. But still, she's worried: any day some upstart 12-year-old kid might swim right past her

by BARBARA HEILMAN

When you're on top, and the newspapers say you're on top, you have to prove it over and over again. . . . You have the pressure of the people you're competing with and what the newspapers say. You never know what's going to happen. If the kids come up—some little kid you didn't even know. . . ."

It sounds like an aging actress speaking, but these words of worry come from the hopeful young mouth of 14-year-old Donna de Varona (see cover).

In 1960 Donna went to Rome, an alternate on the United States women's swimming team and the youngest American at the Olympics. Today she holds the world records in the 400-meter and

440-yard individual medley and the American long-course medley records for 400 yards, 200 meters and 200 yards (there are no official world records for the latter events). She is one of the best backstrokers swimming today, and is second to very few in the freestyle. A swimmer whose forte is the individual medley (a race in which four different strokes are required) is of course at a disadvantage in competition for the individual stroke records, she must practice all four—butterfly, breaststroke, freestyle and backstroke—while her competitors can concentrate on one or two of them. That Donna is formidable in all four was spectacularly demonstrated in Japan last

year when, swimming alone, she broke her own record in the 200-meter individual medley and defeated by 2.8 seconds a medley-relay team of four Japanese girls swimming one stroke apiece. While there are a few swimmers in the U.S. and abroad who might beat Donna in any of the four competitive strokes, she is today without question the best all-around woman swimmer in the world.

Her father was seated by the pool a few weeks ago, watching his bemedaled, world-traveled daughter. He greeted her when she surfaced, "Hi, fishie," and remarked thoughtfully, "You never seem to be able to get the little girl out of her when she goes swimming." Or when she's on dry land either—her mother can ask her four times from three feet away, "Do you want any green beans? do you want any green beans?" and Donna will be dreaming and not hear.

When Donna was really young (like 10) she went barefoot, was partial to climbing on things and to bringing home frogs. She had a toad in a glass tank and mourned its demise after she left it in the sun. She had premonitions (small pre-

continued

As Donna leaves the starting block, some good, tough muscles show on her otherwise ladylike figure



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monitions)—“You know how you have feelings about things? I just woke up once and thought, ‘I’m going to step on a bug!’ And you know those ugly potato bugs or whatever—they have a bald head—I did step on one!”

She rode a neighbor's horses, bareback, and when the family first moved from San Francisco to Lafayette, California, where they now live, she tried to roll down hills. The hills of Lafayette are high and round, in the spring they look like fuzzy green sand dunes. “I wanted to go up and just roll down them, but it doesn't work—they're all sticky.”

Donna was born in San Diego, and lived there for three years. Then the family moved to San Francisco, and three years later to Lafayette, where she started school—or schools. “We're right on this line where every time they build a new school, I have to go to it,” she says in tones conveying no pioneer enthusiasm. She has an 18-year-old brother, David, a sound athlete suffering a severe case of seasonal eclipse; a 9-year-old sister, Joanne, who is a diver, perhaps a musical prodigy, and walks on her hands; and a baby brother, 3-year-old Kurt, in whom all the will implied by Spanish, Welsh and German blood shows signs of blossoming. The family includes as well an elderly dog named Sam (a female) and a parakeet, Marvin Levy.

Donna's father, Dave de Varona, played tackle for the 1937 California Rose Bowl team, and later for the San Diego Bombers, and he rowed No. 3 on the California crew that won at Poughkeepsie in 1939 and set the four-mile record. Sports are his greatest interest: he has coached high-school football, and might have made a career of it, were it not for a mesh of red tape in the form of education-course requirements for coaching in California. He is a man who loves his children and takes a deep pleasure in their company. These qualities make De Varona sound like a sure bet to overdrive a child with Olympic ability, but he has—with monumental restraint—managed to become knowledgeable about swimming but not a fanatic. And Dave de Varona feels something about Donna's swimming that the real driving parent rarely seems to feel, which is delight.

Not just pride, and not self-fulfillment, but the sports lover's delight at seeing something difficult performed with the beauty and apparent ease which is the far side of effort.

Dave met his wife Martha in Washington, D.C. during the war, and called her three days later from San Diego to propose. Or, as she remembers it, “He asked me if I wanted a lifetime job.”

She got one. It now comprises the four children, full-time work in a library, a house to run and a good chunk of the transporting of the family troops. “I never felt tired a day in my life until I got into my 40s,” she says, mystified.

One thing that tires her particularly is the struggle with the family budget.

“Here I have a world champion on my hands, and I have to talk about money. It gangs up on me sometimes,” Martie says apologetically. Swimming expenses can run high, and “when she goes foreign, you have to give her money to go foreign with,” her father says. But Joanne must have piano lessons, too, and young David badly wants a car—not so extravagant a wish in California, where nothing is within walking distance or on a bus line. Lafayette is not a “neighborhood,” and David's friends are scattered. The De Varonas do have a second car, but Martie needs it, and David and Donna practically refuse to acknowledge it. “It wouldn't look so bad,” Martie observes, “but a horse jumped on it. It does look pretty terrible.” Donna herself is at the age where clothes are more important

continued

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ant than food—she browses longingly among the dresses she shouldn't buy. ("I'm so glad you're here," she said one day to a grownup. "They don't let kids look at things.")

Dave de Varona puts concisely what all parents of a winner know: "You don't go into swimming, you're trapped into it. I just can't see how you can take a kid who loves it as much as Donna does, and works as hard, and tell her she can't swim. But I'll be frank with you. I don't make that kind of money."

The De Varonas don't want the household to be Donna-oriented, but there's no reasonable way to ignore the fact that she is a world champion swimmer.

The children take over

It seems a stunning level of ability for a 14-year-old, but the records and age levels in American swimming have been dropping precipitately and steadily for years now. When Donna took the 400-meter individual-medley record from Sylvia Ruuska two years ago, the age of the champion dropped from 17 to 13. In men's swimming, also, the high schoolers today are fast overtaking the collegians.

The principal reason for the domination of American swimming by virtual children is considered to be the development of age-group swimming in the United States. Coaches used to, as Donna's father puts it, "take somebody who looked like Johnny Weissmuller and work to make a swimmer out of him." Now organized competition, with 7- and 8-year-olds confined primarily to competition with each other, has resulted in the early appearance and recognition of the talented swimmer, and in his being trained from an early age to the extent of his capacities without having to compete in terms totally beyond them. The organized competition has brought out the youngsters in hordes—in 1952 there were an estimated 15,000 children in the age-group program; today there are some 250,000. Their training has resulted in discoveries as to what their physical capacities actually are, and this has broken down a lot of psychologically hampering assumptions. A healthy growing child is proving to be as strong as an ox, and a youngster in high school is capable of a cheerful monomania which the horizons of college will probably and properly dissipate. As swimming coaches work in terms of this on a broadening base of

continued

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DONNA DE VARONA *continued*

little swimmers, the records and age levels are due to continue to fall.

Donna, however, is a phenomenon in her own right, even in this revolution. Now a reasonable (for swimming) size and weight—5 feet 3 inches, 127 to 130 pounds—when she first appeared as a serious competitor she was a disconcertingly tiny 5 feet 2 and weighed barely 100 pounds. Standing beside Chris von Saltza (5 feet 10 inches, 140 pounds) or one of the Ruuska girls, she appeared an unlikely candidate for any of their titles. Her father can remember Donna being picked up and deposited on the lane ropes by the wave of Pat Ruuska's starting dive.

A far greater handicap than her size (which seems to have been no handicap at all) was the fact that Donna only occasionally received the systematic coaching responsible for most recent advances in swimming. She has had to move from club to club and coach to coach so often that her training has been spotty at best. "If she were at our pool every day, twice a day, she'd really rewrite the record books," her coach, George Haines of the Santa Clara Swim Club, says of her. Hopefully, after this June she will be. On June 23 she will have competed unattached for the requisite year and a day. She will then be eligible to join Haines's excellent Santa Clara group, and the De Varonas will by then have moved closer to Santa Clara. In Lafayette they are 45 miles away, and Donna gets down to work out with Haines only once a week instead of twice a day. During the rest of the week she shuttles, at the expense of her own and her father's time and energy, between a number of local pools. Donna works best in stiff competition, and workouts alone in the Acalanes High School pool, or at the Athens Club in Oakland, or at the Pleasant Hill pool in Pleasant Hill do not begin to constitute the training she needs to stay on top of world competition.

The first stages

Donna began not as a swimmer but as a diver, under Coach Frank McGugin, who had a pool a few blocks away from the De Varona home in Lafayette. Then her brother David began swimming at the Las Lomas High School pool as therapy for an injured knee, and Donna often went along. At Las Lomas swimming was organized. "Not serious," she says, "just organized. We'd kick a



Sister Joanne watches Donna exercise

few laps, and swim a few laps, and have a little race." In the little races she found herself finishing ahead of all the other little racers, and in 1957 she begged to be allowed to go to the Far Western AAU meet in San Francisco. It was her first big meet. "I was scared. I mean I was surprised," she says. "There were so many people! People came from everywhere—Hawaii, everywhere. So I swam, and I false-started about 18 times. I didn't know how to go down in a regular start. [She was starting up from the blocks as if off a board, a real little time-loss.] But they were lenient with me, and I qualified." There were 10 qualifiers in the 50-meter freestyle, and Donna managed 10th. "I don't know what it was, I found I just didn't want to be last. I wanted to be up there with everybody else. But then I didn't swim for quite a while. I tried to go on the Berkeley City Club, but the coach didn't want me, and she charged fantastic prices. Dad decided, 'She can't do this.'"

The De Varonas finally acted on the suggestion of Coach Weikko (Finn) Ruuska, who had seen Donna in a meet and suggested that she go to the Berkeley Y, where he coached a swimming team. Donna did go there, and swam with the 10-and-under age group, under Coach Jack Barkley; when she was old enough she moved up to the group Ruuska coached.

Finn Ruuska was at that time a man capable of inspiring devotion and a little old-fashioned terror in his swimmers, and of getting more work out of them than the pharaohs extracted from the fellahin who built the pyramids. Donna thought she had trained hard before

continued



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DONNA DE VARONA *continued*

("The first workout I went to, I couldn't believe it," her father recalls. "I thought they were trying to kill her"), but she says of Ruuska and his regimen, "He really taught me how to work. The reason I worked so hard," she goes on a little wistfully, "was I wanted to please him. He said nice things about the other girls, and I wanted him to say nice things about me."

As it turned out, Ruuska never did get around to saying nice things about her. He had two daughters of his own who were fine swimmers—his Sylvia at the time was among the best in the world—and it is considered in swimming circles that Ruuska's major concern was their training and their records. Had Pat and Sylvia been subjected to a little less training, and the rest of the girls at the Y, Donna among them, to a little more, things might have turned out more pleasantly. As it was, the more promise Donna displayed, the less training, attention and help seemed to be forthcoming from her own coach, and when in 1960 she beat Sylvia Ruuska in the 400-meter individual medley, pleasantness had ebbed so low that Ruuska lodged the accusation against her (and later against the girls from some other clubs as well) of taking pep pills. The pills in question proved to be iron pills, of the same sort Finn had in fact had his own Sylvia take, and the furor shortly died down, but Ruuska had by that time departed from Donna's coaching scene. She had worked with him altogether only about six months, but, sticky as things became, it was the most important coaching she had had. He taught her, as she says, how to work; he taught her, too, to breathe on both sides, a technique which is valuable in that the swimmer moves through the water flat, not at an angle, can breathe more in accordance with his need to breathe and is less vulnerable to being passed on his blind side.

Her first nationals

After Finn Ruuska left, Donna worked with Totto Yamashita, the coach who took over at the Berkeley Y. In April of 1960 she went with the Berkeley team to her first nationals, in Bartlesville, Okla. (whence she wrote a fine *Traveling Athlete* letter: "The trip over here wasn't very good. Going to Los Angeles it was pretty good, but from there on it was all hot and stuffy and

continued



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didn't get to eat for a while because it was bumpy. Excuse spelling I just got up.").

Donna says of the Bartlesville meet, "That was when I first got buddy-buddy with the Santa Clara swim team. They were staying in the city of Bartlesville, and we were on the outskirts. I went over and we raided the kitchen and ate ice cream." She continued to be "buddy-buddy" with the Santa Clara team—which was an impressive one, with swimmers like Chris von Saltz and Lynn Burke. Her earliest rival, Debbie Lee, of the Santa Clara club, became a good friend, and George Haines was helpful to her—not a common kindness in one of the more ingrown worlds of top-level competition.

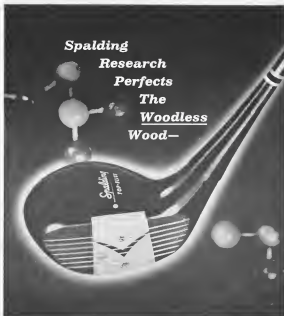
Haines, U.S. women's swimming team coach at Rome, is the founder and coach of the Santa Clara club. His office there is stuffed with trophies, and the walls are lined with plaques proclaiming Santa Clara firsts. In addition to Chris and Lynn Burke he has coached Steve Clark, 15-year-old Don Schollander and Terri Stickles, the 15-year-old girl who is demolishing the American freestyle records. He is one of the best youngsters' coaches in the country, and it will be worth watching to see what he does with Donna, who swims so well even when slackly trained and who at 14 may be considered to have a few good years left in her.

The next years

Into them somewhere she will have to fit the struggle with her algebra, and dances ("that twisting really ruins your legs"). She has about a ton of candy to eat ("35¢ worth, please: one of those, a chocolate butter cream, a caramel nut, three of those—how much is that?") and a lot of fighting with her little sister to do and a world full of new boys to meet. She has the 1964 Olympics coming up. She plans to work for them. "The only reason I wouldn't try would be if I started getting lousy. Or if the kids come up," she adds warily.

After that, of course, she will be old, 17—and what then? "I read *The Ugly American*," she says. "Maybe I could go abroad and do something to promote good will." In the meantime she will probably continue to study with the radio on, think intensely about boys and clothes and swimming, and eat butter brickle ice cream.

END



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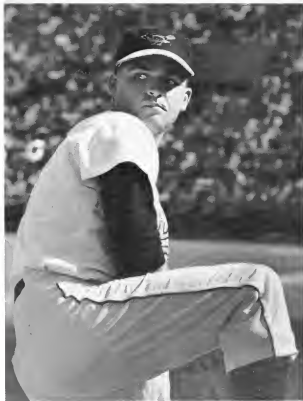
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THE SPRINGTIME TRIALS OF A ROOKIE

For seven weeks a young ballplayer lives with the doubts of his future as he tries to make one of the major league teams



by **HUSTON HORN**

On St. Valentine's Day morning under drear Rhode Island skies, Arthur Lincoln Quirk Jr. loaded into his Buick station wagon a wife and son, a take-apart crib and a set of Melmac dishes, and turned south onto U.S. 1. He was bound for Florida and he was looking for work.

Art Quirk's line is pitching a baseball for pay, something he has done with fair success for the past 2½ summers in the minor leagues. His stature is short and compact, and he is a well-spoken, good-looking, reserved young man just turned 24. For his age and occupation, his temperament is poised and serene, his language tidy and unbaseball-like, his ambition gravely earnest. Self-assurance—most of the time—is his in abundance, and although he is modest he sometimes can be encouraged into talking about the fame, the success and the money to which, he believes, he will one of these days be entitled. Because his outlook is practical, he is not overly troubled that today Art Quirk is widely unknown, can show a record that is something less than sensational and has experienced the financial inconvenience of making payments on his \$13,000 home in Warwick, R.I. and otherwise supporting his family on an income of around \$7,500 a year. He is, after all, only now at the threshold of what he aspires to: a career, long and prosperous, in the major leagues.

It was the beginning of that career which he sought as he and his family drove south last February. His destination was the spring training camp of the Baltimore Orioles in Miami, and his future was whatever he could make of it in the seven weeks before the baseball season opened. In baseball there is a word for Art Quirk and his kind, and the word is "rookie."

Altogether this spring some 400 boys and men reported as rookies to the 20 major league camps, either in Florida, the historical site of these institutions, or in Arizona and California, on baseball's new frontier. Every rookie, in this particular or that, was different from the

continued

SET FACES of Art Quirk (*left*) and his wife Kitty (with son Kent) reflect tensions of his first start in exhibition game with New York.

Herb Schoenau



others, yet all of them were more or less the same. All were bound together by their low estate, their facades of confidence and their private doubts; all shared a basic but subtle resentment toward one another. A few of the rookies, called spring phenoms, were easier in mind and spirit than most; they knew they would make the team. Others, too young or inexperienced for the majors (as even they themselves knew), were in camp to shake hands with the manager and shag flies in batting practice. Like our society, the rest and the bulk fell into a vast, relatively nameless middle class, and to predict what might happen to them was as risky as forecasting a team's end-of-the-season standing. Better than many, not as good as some, was Art Quirk.

Quirk is a left-handed pitcher with a good changeup, a medium fast ball and a sharply breaking curve. Since June of 1959 he has been a field hand in the Orioles' farm system, first playing for Amarillo and Little Rock, unglamorous double-A clubs, and last year in the triple-A International League for Rochester. Against that league's better hitters, his record was his best: he won 10 games, lost 8, pitched four shutouts and one no-hitter, and scored enough strikeouts to average better than one every inning—a rarely achieved pitcher's goal. His earned-run average, the essential measure of a pitcher, was a respectable 3.58. Taken together, his credentials were good—but not overwhelming—for this, his third spring at the Orioles' training camp.

Like a promising racehorse, Quirk seems to have been bred to pitch baseball. "My grandfather was an industrial-league pitcher in the early 1900s," he says, "and as old as he is now, one reason he hangs on from year to year, I think, is for the love of the game." Quirk's father pitched, too, at Providence College. He turned down an offer from the Boston Red Sox, before Art was born, to get a Ph.D. in physics, and later coached baseball at his college for three years. "So I am a pitcher," says Quirk, "because it must be in my bones. I have wanted to pitch in the major leagues, in fact, since I was 6 years old, which is as far back as I can remember. Who knows? Maybe I wanted to pitch when I was 4. I don't mean that one day I'd want to be a pitcher but then want to be a policeman or a fireman the next

day, like some kids. I mean I've never wanted to do anything else. I guess that sounds made up, but it's so."

Reared under modest but intellectually stimulating circumstances in Narragansett (Quirk Sr., a college professor, is head of the physics department at Rhode Island University as well as chairman of something called the Rhode Island Atomic Energy Commission), Art Quirk showed an early aptness for his chosen life's work. In the fifth grade he alone, he remembers, could throw a corner-cutting strike with consistency, and in the seventh grade the Quirk curve ball "was bigger than it is today. It was a real roundhouse; I wish you could have seen it." By the time he had finished as a sophomore in high school, Quirk was named to Rhode Island's all-state team, and in his junior year in 1954 the all-state team listed only eight names: on it twice—once for his pitching and once for his batting average and center-fielding—was Art Quirk Jr.

When Quirk enrolled at Dartmouth College—where his high school grades were not the only records considered before the school gave him a \$6,000 academic scholarship—he sublimated his interest in baseball enough to sustain a high B average in Far Eastern and Russian history and government. Spring afternoons he applied himself—although without much hope—to sustaining a Dartmouth baseball team whose batting average was in the neighborhood of .190. But even with a defenseless offense, Quirk looked so good that in 1958, his junior year, he got a job offer from the Chicago Cubs, whose lure was a bonus of \$30,000. He turned it down to get his degree, a decision no doubt prudent but decidedly costly. By the following spring his arm was so limp from the constant pressure put on him by his hapless teammates that the Cubs had trimmed their bonus offer to \$5,000. The Cub scout's explanation, says Quirk, was that since he now had finished college he could no longer be hungry enough to play good competitive baseball.

What the Cubs failed to take into account was that Art Quirk valued his education more for its own sake than as a steppingstone into a profession and that he was still as hungry as the next would-be major leaguer. He was even hungrier after he had accepted a \$15,000 bonus from Baltimore and, not much later, had pitched his first game for the Amarillo

Gold Sox. Counting Quirk, the Gold Sox had only seven pitchers and found themselves at midseason scheduled to play four doubleheaders in four days. Quirk was to pitch one of them, and there could be no relief from the bullpen.

"So, a month out of college, I'm a professional making my start against the Corpus Christi Giants," says Quirk. "All-most before I knew it was happening, the Giants had got 14 hits and three home runs off me. And I was throwing the best stuff I knew how. I felt like Charlie Brown in *Peanuts*. We lost 11-12, which wasn't so bad, I guess, considering my pitching—and theirs—but I got a good idea right then that it wasn't going to be easy for me to hop up to the majors."

Although Quirk had intended to work that winter on a master's degree at the University of Rhode Island, he changed his plans when he was invited by the Orioles to play winter ball in Florida. With no more assurance than that of his baseball future, he persuaded a pretty Providence girl named Kathleen Harkins, then 19, to give up college after two years at Newport's Salve Regina and marry him that October. And with Art assigned to an Orioles' winter league team, the newlyweds went directly to Clearwater. "If anybody in school had ever suggested I'd spend my honeymoon watching baseball games, I'd have laughed out loud," says Kitty Quirk. The truth is, whether in Florida, Little Rock or Rochester, baseball has never really let up on Kitty Quirk since her marriage. The couple's son, Kent Joseph, was born on the day that the Southern Association played its 1960 all-star game. That was Art Quirk's first day off that summer. Subsequently, Kitty lost two other children by miscarriage. Part of the cause, her doctors say, was the sometimes hectic, always unsettled life of a minor league ballplayer and his family, and Art Quirk is frankly disturbed by the hardships his profession has so far imposed on his wife. "The house I bought in Warwick after Kent was born was an extravagance we couldn't afford," he said not long ago. "It've only spent about six months in it since the winter of 1960, but I wanted to provide something for Kitty to fall back on once the seasons were over. It would all be different if we could just get settled in Baltimore."

Even though Quirk is intensely devoted to the idea of a major league career—if not with Baltimore, somewhere else—he is also aware that he has twice

failed to make the Orioles and that, for a young man with more assets than a strong left arm, time is passing by. A man must do what is best for himself and his family, he believes, and by his reckoning 1962 is Year Three in his three-year make-it-or-forget-it plan. Life in the minors, as he had expected beforehand and has since found out in practice, is an exhausting, penurious, distractingly iffy life. And love baseball though he may, time spent in the minors is time spent well only if it points with some certainty to the majors. If he fails to get there soon, he said last month, he will probably go into another business altogether, having equipped himself, it would seem, for almost any eventuality.

A man of protean talents, Quirk has at one time or another dehydrated fish in California, built houses on Cape Cod, covered the courthouse beat for the *Providence Journal* and mollified citizens ruffled by Rhode Island's Department of Public Works. But all that mattered in the early days of this spring was making himself indispensable to the Oriole pitching staff. With the strong conviction that he could, Art and Kitty stayed in a motel just south of Baltimore their first day out from Warwick, and they talked late into the night about the odds on returning there in April.

A spring training rule of the Orioles requires players unmarried or reporting without their wives to stay together, one happy family, at the McAllister hotel in downtown Miami. Players with families in tow may live where they please—the club pays them \$112 a week expense money—and after a two-day search Art Quirk found for rent a one-bedroom flamingo-pink stucco duplex in South Miami. The asking price was \$200 a month, steep for what it was; the landlady was reluctant to rent it for such a short time, and the man on the other side of the duplex's thin dividing wall fancied himself a drummer. But with desperation on his side Quirk was able to break down the landlady's unwillingness (and her terms, to \$150 a month). Moving in, Kitty didn't have the telephone connected ("It would cost \$40, and who do we know that well?"). Art subscribed to the *Miami Herald* and the *Miami News* ("to keep up with the ball-park gossip"), Kent found a friend down the block and the Quirks adjusted themselves to the everyday motions of light housekeeping: counting pennies, cooking in the 2-by-4 kitchen and trying very hard to

ignore the rap-tap-a-tapping of the man next door.

One consideration that led Art Quirk to sign with the Orioles in the first place was Baltimore's short supply of proved young pitchers in the late '50s. To his grief, his arm twice gave him some early-season trouble. The Orioles meanwhile had developed a number of young pitchers, and the good chances Quirk once had to make the team were never realized. This year, mainly because the Orioles' formidable left-hander, Steve Barber, was in the Army, available only on weekends, Quirk's chances were on the rise again. Eager to improve them, he worked out twice a week in Rhode Island last winter and showed up at Miami Stadium three days before he was due to report. So did two other left-handers out to get Barber's job. The conversation exchanged by the three pitchers was sparse.

To prevent a recurrence of his spring-time arm ache (brought on before, he suspects now, by his too zealous attempts at dazzling the Oriole brass), Quirk set a rigid discipline for himself this year. By custom pitchers in spring training alternate four-hour days with two-hour days, the longer days usually including 20 minutes or so of pitching batting practice. Rather than make any effort to overpower the Oriole batters with speed and deception, Quirk threw moderately hard strike-zone pitches that the better, according to his pleasure, could hit as long and far as he chose. To circulate the wintertime sap in his body, Quirk took to the tedious business of conditioning exercise with brown-knitting industry, whether it was picking up balls rolled to him by a teammate standing two yards away or chasing thrown flies across the width of the outfield. It was dull and repetitious, seven days a week, but Quirk came early and stayed late, and except for daily chats with his Rochester manager, Clyde King, and the Oriole pitching coach, Harry Brecheen, and a couple of night meetings at the McAllister for pitchers and catchers, he got little in the way of formal instruction. What he was told, for the most part, was that he was doing fine. But whether that would be fine enough they would all know once the exhibition games had commenced the second week of March.

Quirk gave probably the best description of his own case to a television reporter from Baltimore. Wasn't it a thrill,

the reporter wanted to know, for him to be in spring training with the Birds? When you've been here twice already, Quirk said a little dryly, the thrill's not quite so strong. Well, but then, the reporter said, maybe Art could tell all the fans back in Baltimore how the Oriole coaches were helping his pitching. Smoothing out his wind-up, maybe, or helping his aim somehow. Said Quirk, if you don't know pretty much how to do those things when you get this far, there's not much anyone can do in spring training to teach you.

For a man already on a major league squad, especially a man whose position is not in jeopardy, the early days of spring training are a warm-climate vacation and a duty to work out a few hours each day and give the papers a few quotes. For a rookie, the worry and tension he brings with him remain a constant thing. His recreation is less relaxation than a conscious attempt at diversion. Art Quirk's pleasures, for example, were typical and undistinguished. In the afternoons after practice his schedule was seldom more arresting than a trip for groceries with Kitty and Kent or, once in a while, a drive to Miami's zoo or its International Airport to watch absent as the jets came and went. Occasionally the Quirks would visit, or be visited by, Marv and Gigi Breeding, friends since Quirk's first spring, when Breeding made the team, or Ron and Joyce Kubbes, a shortstop and his wife the Quirks had known in Rochester. Swimming, for fear of sunburn and softening his hands, was out. Nights for the Quirks weren't much livelier. Art might read, play cribbage with Kitty, watch television or stare bemused at his folded fingers, his shoe tips or the opposite wall. Because they were reluctant to hire an unknown baby-sitter, an evening out was simply dinner with Kent at Toby's Cafeteria or maybe a drive-in movie with Kent asleep in the back. Always the thought of baseball—and April—was just under the surface, and one evening, while Art read an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* by Whitey Ford, baseball's best left-hander, Kitty wrote letters to both their parents. The letters were confined to Art's pitching and Kent's cute sayings, the only news, she said, they cared a thing about in Rhode Island. It wasn't the home life they rave about in the women's magazines, but at least it wasn't the life of the bachelor

continued

rookies, for whom, as likely as not, a movie ticket stub, a wet toothpick and a warm cushion in a McAllister lobby chair were the only signs of another night's lost time.

There is a certain amount of sanguinity around most spring training camps—there will be plenty of time later for fault-finding and blame-fixing—and the Orioles' new manager, Billy Hitchcock, said in February that he wanted Baltimore's camp to ring with good cheer. "We want to have fun here," he told *The Sporting News*. "For instance, a pitcher might have doubts that he'll make the club and, when he gets on the mound, he can't do a good job because he's worried." Maybe to keep him from worrying was why nearly everyone had a good word for Quirk. Coach Brecheen told reporters the boy's progress was most satisfactory and his chances to stick were pretty good. Clyde King, the Rochester manager, said about the same thing. Manager Hitchcock went so far as to tell the *Miami News* on March 3 that Quirk had "the best chance at the moment among the rookies of taking Barber's place." Only President and General Manager Lee MacPhail, though not a gloomy man, cast a damper on the tidings reaching Quirk. "Sometimes a boy is more valuable in the minor leagues, where he's given plenty of work and is ready to be called up at any time," MacPhail said one day, not naming names. "That would be better, perhaps, than carrying him as the ninth or 10th pitcher on the major league team and having him idle in the bullpen."

At and Kitty, more sophisticated than they had been during previous springs, took each report for what it was: an uncertain judgment made without the confirmation the exhibition games would give. "All I know is, if they gave me the chance I would prove that I deserve to be on the team," said Quirk. "All I know," said Kitty, "is we've made plans on how I'd get to Baltimore twice before—and I haven't gotten there yet. This year Kent and I will work out our travel arrangements when we know our destination."

On Sunday, March 11, the New York Yankees played the Orioles in an exhibition game at Miami Stadium, the second game of the year for both teams. On the Saturday before, Quirk was told

by Hitchcock that he would probably pitch sometime during the game. It would be only the second time in his career that he would face major league hitters. Art Quirk described that Sunday in a letter to a friend:

"I began thinking about the game the night before when my next-door neighbor, a Yankee fan, began kidding me. He said that rather than go to the game he thought he'd just sit in his backyard and catch the home run balls hit off me. It wasn't a sleepless night, but I woke up four times, worrying about my curve."

"We got up Sunday morning about 7:30. I ate a good breakfast but already I was thinking only about the game, and the butterflies were already fluttering. We went to 10 o'clock Mass, and an hour later Kitty let me off at the ball park. I went into the clubhouse, changed, and drifted out to the dugout. It was then that my nervousness reached its highest point. I almost considered putting my street clothes back on and going home."

"But as I watched the Yanks take batting practice, I was relieved it was just like hundreds of others I've seen. They hit grounders, pop flies, fouls, line drives and home runs. They certainly looked human, and I thought about that thing, 'They pull their pants on one leg at a time just like everybody else.'"

"Billy Hitchcock came over to me and asked if I were nervous. I said sure, but it was nothing new for me. He said nervousness was a good sign, and told me a story about a truck coach he knew who could pretty well predict the success of his sprinters by the nervousness they showed before a race. He told me not to worry about it and just go out there and be myself."

"I watched Whitey Ford warm up and smiled when a fight broke out in the stands and he stopped his warm-up and climbed on a rail to watch. I wondered if he were nervous too."

"Milt Pappas, our starting pitcher, ran into a little trouble in the first and gave up a run, but then he breezed through the next two innings. Ford seemed to be missing with his curve, and wasn't throwing too hard, but he gave up only four hits and one run. I started loosening up in the bottom of the second. My arm felt pretty good and a slight twinge in the shoulder worked itself out. The butterflies were gone and I felt better walking out to

the mound on the top of the fourth. The score was tied 1-1."

"I figured I'd be facing the tail end of the Yankee lineup. I must say I was a little surprised to see Mickey Mantle moving into the batter's box. Usually I concentrate only on the catcher's signs, the target area and the position of the batter's feet. But in this case I took a few extra moments to size up Mantle a little more carefully. You could see the confidence on his face, and there was a trace of amusement, it seemed to me, at the corners of his mouth. Even so, he didn't look particularly menacing up there. He wasn't as big as I had expected him to be. Then I looked at Gus Triandos, my catcher, for the sign, and I made the Mantle image disappear from my mind. He was just another hitter, I told myself. I hoped so, anyway."

The first two pitches to Mantle were high fast balls, both out of the strike zone. I thought Mantle would be looking for another fast ball, and when Gus called for a curve I threw it and it was over for a strike. The next pitch, a changeup, fooled Mantle completely and he swung and missed even before the ball was in the strike zone. That makes a pitcher feel great. With the count now 2 and 2, Mantle fouled off a low curve that went high behind home plate, and I figured: that's that, easy out. But the ball got caught in some tricky air currents and bounced off the tip of Triandos' glove. On the next pitch, another curve, Mantle hit a towering fly to left which I thought John Powell, a very promising rookie outfielder, had easily. But the ball hit the base of the wall and bounced away from Powell for a triple. So here was Mantle on third after I figured I had gotten him out twice.

"After that, Yogi Berra got a double and scored Mantle [since Triandos was charged with an error, Mantle's run was scored as unearned], and in that inning and the next I faced seven more batters, walking none, striking out one and giving three hits, one an infield hit that I should have had. After I had pitched my second inning, Billy Hitchcock said, 'Nice going.' and then told me he was sending in a pinch hitter for me. I was disappointed because I had hoped to go three innings."

"Before the game I had tried to caution myself against becoming too elated if I did well or too discouraged if I

didn't. As it turned out there wasn't any reason to feel either way. It wasn't great, but it was a respectable beginning, and it helped increase my self-confidence. But of course I know there are still a lot of innings to be pitched before it's decided whether or not I'll be with the Orioles in April."

There were, to be precise, 18½ more innings for Quirk to pitch before the Orioles were able to decide about him. Some of those innings were very good ones—as on the day he pitched five against the Chicago White Sox and gave up only one hit and one run. Some were very bad ones—as on the day he worked six innings against the Washington Senators, everybody's patsy, and gave up nine hits, four walks and, in one inning, five runs. Nevertheless he wound up the exhibition season late last week with two wins and no losses and an ERA of 3.99. On the basis of that he also wound up, early this week, in Baltimore.

After Quirk got the word, he treated Kitty and Kent to one last meal at Toby's—a kind of qualified victory celebration. It's true that he now will get a little more money and, once he and Kitty have found another apartment, they can kick off their shoes. But just being in Baltimore is only the first hurdle and Quirk is not kidding himself that the time of jubilation is at hand; that will come only if he survives the cutoff a month from now when the Orioles, under major league rules, will have to trim the squad of its most expendable members.

Billy Hitchcock says, "Art has looked real good at times, and I give him a chance to stick after the cutoff." Lee MacPhail, still the cautious one, says, "It hasn't hurt Quirk that two of our starting right-handers are temporarily lost to us—Jack Fisher with an ailing arm and Milt Pappas by an appendectomy." Both men are concerned with Quirk's inexperience and by what Hitchcock calls his "lack of poise" on the mound. "For instance," says Hitchcock, "Art lost his poise against the Senators that day he gave up those five runs. You just can't tell about a rookie like this until the bell rings."

That leaves a few ends loose, but then all the rookie says he wants is a chance to prove to Baltimore that he belongs on its team. And the Orioles, going along that far, are simply saying to Arthur Lincoln Quirk Jr.: "O.K. Prove it." **END**



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EIGHT HUNGRY DOGS

Born and bred to the chase, the eight gaunt greyhounds hurtling across the three following pages are hungry—but not for the tasteless effigy of a rabbit that bobs mechanically around the track in front of them. Racing dogs, like those pictured here springing from a gaily numbered starting gate at Greyhound Park in Phoenix, Ariz. are competitive machines, capable of speeds of 30 miles an hour. From the first turn, where experts say the race is won or lost, to the last stretch, when the finish is in sight, the 'dogs' inbred—and only—interest in the affair is to get there first, and in palatial greyhound racing parks from Miami to Portland enthusiastic and optimistic dog fanciers every year pepper pari-mutuel machines with \$335 million worth of bets saying that they will or that they won't









NON-MECHANICAL MEN **ARISE!**

There's a cult of sports-car-type people who spread the myth that one needs vast knowledge of things mechanical to own a sports car. Be not deceived! This may be true of some machines, but not the Corvette. Any Corvette, however equipped, will give unruffled, unfussy driving pleasure while outperforming cars that cost three times as much and require the full-time attention of a bilingual mechanic. No, friends, if you yearn to spend long hours lying on cold cement, covered with grease, shop elsewhere. Corvettes are for driving; fill them with gas and people and point them down the road. That's the way to enjoy this automobile! Of course, if you simply must do something, we don't mind if you wash it yourself. (Radio, as shown, optional at extra cost.) . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

Hung up on a fine point of law

A rules change made to promote harmony has spawned confusion and made sailing a duiler sport

Whatever happens during the America's Cup competition this summer—and in thousands of sailing regattas across the country—one element is almost certain to be missing. This is the high drama of boat-for-boat tacking duels, wherein a slower vessel establishes a slim lead just before the starting gun and then, by nerve, skill and tactical superiority, holds that lead by covering every move its faster rivals make in their effort to break out ahead. Probably the most spectacular tacking duels ever held were those between *Vim* and *Columbia* during the cup trials in 1958. But Moshbacher at the helm of the 19-year-old *Vim* would maneuver her into the lead before a windward start and then follow every twist and turn the younger, faster *Columbia* made as she tried to get off the hook. If *Columbia* came up sharply, *Vim* responded to the luff; if she bore away, Moshbacher followed. On one single weather leg of the final trials, in her attempt to shake off *Vim*, *Columbia* made 36 tacks plus uncounted false tacks, luffs and fents.

"We tried to respond to everything *Columbia*

did," says Moshbacher. "Covering like this is the essence of match racing, that's what makes it fun."

Just after the last cup races in 1958, however, the fun was over. At a meeting in London of the International Yacht Racing Union a seemingly innocent change was made in the wording of one rule, and this change has eliminated much of the premium on helmsmanship and crew finesse. The rule formerly read, "When sailing on a free leg of the course, a yacht shall not sail below her Normal Course when she is clearly within three of her overall lengths of a Leeward Yacht or of a yacht Clear Astern that is steering a course to pass to Leeward." The phrase "on a free leg of the course" was dropped, thus making the rule apply to every leg of a race.

Essentially, this means that a boat may no longer alter her course and bear off to prevent another boat from passing her to leeward (see diagram) when both are going to weather. Under the new wording, if a slower boat is on top at the start, the faster yacht has only to ease sheets and drive through the wind shadow, coming up again when her wind is clear, to head for the mark. "This rule doesn't favor the man who sails the better race; it favors mechanics," states Boat Builder Harry Melges Jr. of Lake Geneva, Wis., who has held the North American sailing championship since 1959. "If you take too many defensive moves from slower boats, you put all the emphasis on equipment—it makes brute speed pay off. Besides, it breeds dishonesty. 'I just had a header,' says the guy to windward, and how can you prove he didn't?" Lowell North, three-times world champion in the Star class, considers the rule "unworkable—too hard to enforce, to even try to enforce."

Last year, as a member of *Easterner's* crew when she won the first scheduled-race victory of her career (SI, July 17, 1961), I had a deckhand's opportunity

continued



TO DEFEND LEAD prior to the change in the rules a slow boat (No. 1, above) could bear off her proper course to block the wind of a faster rival (No. 2) passing on her lee side.

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BOATING continued

to see the weakness of this rule. Rounding the final leeward mark for a beat to the finish during a triangular race on Long Island Sound, *Easterner* was some 300 yards ahead of *Weatherly*. In the light breeze and smooth water *Weatherly* gained rapidly, coming abeam to leeward before the leg was half over. Then the breeze freshened, and *Easterner* lost her sluggish feel, picking up speed until the two boats were sailing evenly. But the gap of water laterally between the hulls kept narrowing as *Weatherly* pointed higher. “You’re bearing off!” hailed Arthur Knapp from the wheel of *Weatherly*. I stared at *Easterner*’s jib. It was not an efficient sail and certainly could not be taken closer to the wind. “You’re still bearing off!” came another shout. Bus Mosbacher, who was sailing *Easterner* that day, looked at me and made a gesture of despair. “What the hell?” he asked. “What can you do?” I replied, “If you point any higher you’ll stop dead.”

If testifying before a protest committee I would have said both skippers were right: both sailing a “normal course,” or, as it has since been renamed, a “proper course,” i.e., the course a yacht might sail in the absence of another yacht to finish as quickly as possible. Yet the new rule gave the helmsman to leeward the option of setting the course for both. As Mosbacher says, “This rule is in the gray area where there are arguments and hard feelings. Minor differences in rigging and skills make it impossible to point identically. Besides, no two men take a boat to windward exactly the same.”

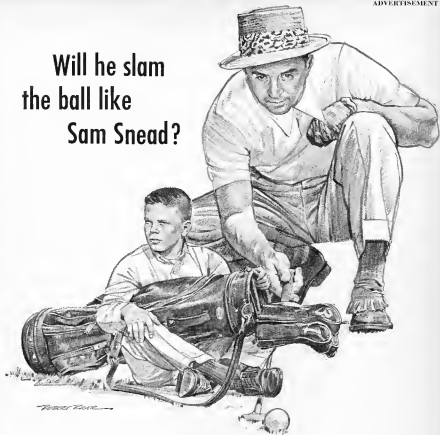
Good intentions

At the time the rule was changed, in the interest of furthering international uniformity, America’s representative, Robert Bavier Jr., went along with the majority. But now that he has had a chance to judge the effects of the change Bavier is opposed to it. In his opinion, it is “impossible to enforce. Also, why shouldn’t a skipper who has established a lead to windward be allowed to take steps to stay there?”

But the wheels of world organizations turn slowly. Although the rule was discussed and criticized at a conference in London last fall, there can be no change under international agreement until the next meeting of the IYRU in the fall of 1964. This stems a long time for mic-ing skippers to wait for a pump when the boat is leaking.

END

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A real bargain hunter

Spending a few dollars on a day off from his chores, a lucky hay farmer bags a prize moose

Every year at the Boone and Crockett Club meeting at New York's Museum of Natural History the country's top trophy hunters receive citations for kills that range from Barren Ground caribou

to Pacific walrus. Trophy hunting is generally a rich man's sport, or obsession, and the smartly dressed award winners who turned up this year looked the part. All of them, that is, except Carl J. Buchanan, an unassuming 43-year-old hay and pig farmer who came all the way from Athabaska, Alberta to receive the citation for the most perfect Canada moose specimen entered.

A short, wiry man in a bulky homemade sweater, hand-painted tie and white zippered jacket with black and blue stripes, Buchanan looked as out of place in this well-groomed company as a Canada moose in Miami Beach. His beautiful trophy was strictly in place, however. It scored 225 in the club's complicated point system, and is the second-best specimen in its class in Boone and Crockett history.

Buchanan had two bourbons in the Hall of North American Mammals before he was ready to tell his story. It must have been awfully galling to the trophy hunters present. Buchanan didn't pay a guide \$100 a day. Neither did he spend weeks looking at record moose racks through binoculars. He shot his trophy bull less than 100 miles from his farm. Total cost of the trip: "Oh, just a few dollars for food and gas."

Buchanan relived his experiences over and over. Each time the story was better.

"All I see of these moose is hees horns," explained Buchanan, affecting at times a bit more of a French Canadian accent than he really had, as the other award winners crowded around him. "The rest of heem is behind a tree. I don't move. He don't move. Then I move and he moves and I shoot heem in the heart."

"Did you know it was a near-perfect specimen?" asked one hunter.

"I think the horns is fine so I decide to bring them home," said Buchanan.

Someone asked what rifle and scope Buchanan had used. "A Lee Enfield .303, Jungle Carbine. I get it war surplus for \$14.95. It have no scope, but it kill heem quick," said Buchanan. "I was a wood-cutter in these woods, and I know where the beeg moose are. I know beeger bulls are there right now."

The thought of all those record-size moose running around in Alberta was too much for the trophy hunters. By the time dinner was over, Buchanan had the business cards of at least 15 of them who wanted him to guide them next fall. Buchanan is not a registered guide. He undoubtedly will be.

"I think I get me a guide license," Buchanan said. "Then I show these fellows the moose, and they show me the money. You know, some fellows back home offer me \$500 for these horns. But I sell them to the provincial government for \$50. My wife, she is very mad. But now I can make more money and still go look at the horns when I am old." **END**

FARMER CARL BUCHANAN IS FRAMED BY THE GIANT RACK OF HIS TROPHY MOOSE





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For hundreds of years the flavorful and delicate cooking of China has impressed Westerners as an almost exquisitely refined art—so much so that it gained the reputation of being the product of special Oriental alchemy. It has often been pointed out that the Chinese—both men and women—look younger than their years, and this desirable state is attributed to some mysterious quality of their diet. The plain and simple fact is that Chinese food is less fattening and more easily digested than its Western counterpart. Nor is its preparation a matter of mystery. Even those who cannot perform with chopsticks can transform the many and cheerful ingredients portrayed by Dong Kingman on the opposite page into authentic Chinese dishes and then eat them with a fork. Chinese cuisine depends not on rare ingredients but on method and skill.

Epicures are generally agreed that there are two great schools of cooking in the world—the French and the Chinese. These two ignore each other superbly. The *Larousse Gastronomique*, besides studying every possible aspect of French cooking, covers in detail American, Austrian,

the importance of the freshness of foods.

Beyond this point, however, they diverge. Since the Chinese eat with chopsticks (a knife is never used at the table, and the idea of carving a roast is utterly alien), food must either be cut into bite-size pieces before it is cooked, or if left whole must be cooked long enough to make carving unnecessary.

The flavor of a style of cooking largely depends on the fat that is used. The Germans use lard, the Italians olive oil, the French butter. But the Chinese use a flavorless vegetable oil, usually peanut or soybean. This cooking medium does not impart anything to the intrinsic flavor of the foods, and the spices that may be added can work their magic without interference of any kind.

Texture—and contrasting textures—is all-important. Meat and vegetables are often cooked together, yet the result is never a stew, in the Occidental sense. When the Chinese prepare beef with lotus root, for example, they slice the meat so thin that both will cook together in the shortest possible time. Result: the beef will be tender and the lotus root crisp.

When Americans speak of Chinese cooking, most of them are referring to the Cantonese school. This is by far the most widely represented here, the regional specialties of other provinces—Fukien, Honan, Shantung (Peking), Szechwan and Kiangsu (Shanghai)—are scarcely known. This is a deprivation, for these regional schools vary a great deal. The Fukien school is noted for its lightness. Honan specializes in sweet-sour dishes. Shantung is the home of the bear's paw and the Peking duck and of dishes prepared in wine stock—the *five peas* of China is swan's liver cooked in wine. The Szechwan school is known for spicy dishes, and Szechwan duck is also an excellent example of how the Chinese deal with fat: steaming the duck gets rid of almost all of it before the final cooking stage. Kiangsu has a super meatball called the Lion's Head and some very tasty fish dishes, some of which have been adapted for American kitchens (\$8, March 30, 1959).

Many gourmets think that the greatest

continued

The culinary peaks beyond Canton

To most people 'Chinese cooking' means the great Cantonese cuisine, but several other regions have marvelous specialties

Belgian, Central and South American, Dutch, English, German, Italian, Japanese, Polish, Russian, Scandinavian, Spanish, Swiss, Turkish and army cooking. It doesn't even mention the Chinese.

The French and Chinese kitchens do have two basic things in common. Both are characterized by variety: variety of methods of preparation and an infinite variety of raw materials. And both stress

Chinese food found today in the non-Communist world is in Formosa, even though Hong Kong (the other contender) has the benefit of ingredients from the mainland. Formosa makes up for this disadvantage by the quality of its cooks. One of the best is Peng Chang-kuei, once of Hunan, who is described by Stanley Karnow at the right. Below are four great Chinese recipes, the first a "continental" invention from Peng himself, the second from Harriet Watt, formerly of Shanghai and now of New York, and the last two from Grace Zia Chu, whose book, *The Pleasures of Chinese Cooking*, will be published by Simon and Schuster in the fall.

—PAMELA KNIGHT

FOUR EXOTIC DISHES YOU CAN MAKE AT HOME

If you live in New York, Boston, Chicago or San Francisco you will have to trouble finding the ingredients called for in these recipes. If you do not have access to a Chinese grocery, the Yeeit Hing Market at 23 Pell Street in New York City will mail dried scallops, tree ears, golden needles and sprigs (dried scallions are \$3.90 a pound, minimum order \$1). Quang Lee and Co. at 848 Chest Avenue in San Francisco will do the same (sprigs are from \$2 a pound, minimum order \$2).

MUSKMELON AND DOVE SOUP

- A dozen fresh, round muskmelons
- 6 doves (or squabs)
- 2 ounces fat pork
- $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce dried scallops
- 6 cups chicken broth

Soak scallops in warm water for at least one hour. Bone the doves. Mince the dove meat, pork and scallops together. Season with salt and add enough water to moisten. Cut about one inch off the tops of the muskmelons (cantaloupes) and clean out seeds and pulp. Save tops for use as covers while steaming. Steam the melons and the minced meat in separate kettles, until tender—about 30 minutes. Heat chicken broth. Drain excess water from melons; divide minced meat into even portions and put in melons. Purify ill melons with hot chicken broth and serve.

SZECHWAN DUCK

- 1 5-pound Long Island duck
- 2 tablespoons dark soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons sherry
- 2 star anise
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon anise pepper

- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 to 4 quarts peanut or corn oil

Blend soy sauce, sherry, spices and salt and rub duck inside and out with the mixture. Leave it for at least three hours, preferably overnight. Steam the duck over low-boiling water for two hours. Allow to cool completely. Heat 3 to 4 quarts salad oil in a large deep pot. When oil is at 375°, deep-fry the duck for about 15 minutes until the skin is dark and crispy. Serve immediately.

HO SHU RO (PEKING)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bean sprouts (fresh or canned)
- 10 golden needles (tiger lily buds)
- 1 tablespoon dried tree ears (fungi)
- 2 medium-size Chinese dried mushrooms
- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons peanut or corn oil
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lean, shredded raw pork
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Wash and drain bean sprouts. Soak golden needles, tree ears and mushrooms together in 1 cup warm water for 20 minutes. Wash and drain. Shred the mushrooms. Beat the eggs and scramble in 1 tablespoon oil. Heat remaining oil over high flame in a frying pan. Add shredded pork and stir for about 2 minutes. Add soy sauce, sugar and monosodium glutamate and stir a few more times. Add golden needles, tree ears and mushroom shreds, and mix well. Add 2 tablespoons water and bring to boil. Add scrambled eggs and bean sprouts, blend and serve.

CRABMEAT WITH CHINESE CABBAGE (SHANGHAI)

- 2 cups Chinese cabbage in one-inch lengths
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons peanut or corn oil
- 1 cup crabmeat
- 2 scallions in 2-inch lengths
- 2 slices ginger root, minced
- 1 tablespoon dry sherry
- Dash of white pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon cornstarch, dissolved in 2 tablespoons water

Cook cabbage in chicken broth until broth comes to a boil. Add 1 teaspoon salt. Turn flame low, cover and cook for 8 minutes. Heat oil in separate pan; add crabmeat and stir for a minute. Add scallions, ginger, sherry, pepper, sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Stir again. Thicken with dissolved cornstarch. Place cabbage on a platter and top with crabmeat.

Pigeons and grass fish at the Inn of Longevity

When they retreated to Formosa from mainland China in 1949 the Chinese Nationalists took with them an important element of their national patrimony—some great chefs. This happy act of foresight not only made life more tolerable for the exiled Chinese, it has also, for the traveler to Taipei, given that rather drab and limited city the attraction of being one of the world's finest centers of Chinese cuisine.

There are more than 600 restaurants and thousands of tiny, unlicensed outdoor stalls in Taipei, and they reflect the wide and variegated nature of Chinese cooking. In all this culinary wonderland it would be impossible to single out any restaurant as the best, but one there is which is certainly of unusual interest and excellence. It is a somewhat shabby old Hunanese pub called the Tien Chang Lo, or Inn of Longevity, and its chef, Peng Chang-kuei, a lean, muscular gentleman of 43, personifies the vast and wondrous mysteries of the Oriental table.

Peng entered his profession as an apprentice at age 13 in his home city of Changsha in Hunan Province, and at 31 he was personal chef to the former vice-president of China, Li Tsung-jen. This was the highest culinary accolade in the land, since President Chiang Kai-shek austere ignores the pleasures of gastronomy, and it is indicative of Peng's genius that he rose so high so young. It is also a mark of his friendly nature that one day not long ago he graciously offered to give me a deeper glimpse into the nature of Chinese cuisine by suggesting that we go together through the suc-

cessive stages in the creation of a Chinese dinner—and eat it as well.

Yuan Tzu-tsai, a Chung dynasty poet and gourmet, wrote that half of the art of cooking lies in buying fresh food, and Peng observes this practice faithfully. We met at 7 in the morning, and at once he strode forth into the hullabaloo of the morning market, his eyes darting knowledgeably at the brightly colored mounds of vegetables piled high in different booths. From a boy, half hidden in a shaded corner, Peng bought some mushrooms after first feeling one with his fingertips and haggling gently about the price. From there we went on to a fishmonger. Here Peng exercised more caution as he examined a *tao yu*, or "grass fish." To be sure it was fresh he poked under its gills, saw they were pink and not black and chose 10. Then he moved quickly to a friendly duck merchant who he knew would give him choice birds, and without inspection ordered eight; from there he turned to a vegetable stand, picked out some *rang hoo*—a kind of spinach—and dipped into a pile of beanstalks, breaking the ends between his fingers to measure their tenderness. At assorted other stalls we bought bamboo shoots, live pigeons, a few pounds of water buffalo meat and innards for making *Yang Tu Tung*, a broth brewed from the stomach lining of goats. We stopped briefly at another fish dealer, where Peng scrutinized some *h yu*, a species of carp to be transformed into soup, steamed or covered with sweet-and-sour sauce. At a poultry butcher's Peng reached into a hamper and withdrew four old hens for soups he had in mind, then carefully picked some young chickens intended for steamed or fried dishes. "They should be virgins," he explained.

Except for a two-hour siesta after lunch, Peng spent most of that afternoon on the telephone, negotiating menus with the evening's clientele and discussing future dinners with other customers. At about 6 o'clock we went into the cavernous kitchen. It may have once been a garage; at least it looked like one. One

part, devoted to preparing ingredients, contained a large table around which a dozen young apprentices were slicing and chopping meats and vegetables, just as Peng had himself done on the mainland 30 years before. In the rear, behind a zinc-topped table covered with bowls of salt, sugar, soy sauce, vinegar, starch, sesame oil and various spices, were four earthen stoves. One was piled high with fiber steaming baskets, and the others, roaring with hot fires, were covered with round, shallow black pans for stir-frying. Peng slipped a white surgical tunic over his neat, dark suit, and with a cigarette dangling from his lips, stepped up to one of the stoves, grabbed the handle of a pan and began working with a firm, quiet efficiency.

In the medieval atmosphere of this dim, smoky kitchen the smooth, assembly-line atmosphere was startling. From the choppers' boards came raw ingredients that found their proper places in the correct tiers of the steaming baskets. With perfect timing, an assistant took down steamed cuts of pork, beef or chicken as Peng, tossing a bit of broth and some seasoning into his frying pan, whipped up a sauce to lace the new dish at the precise moment that a waiter appeared to whisk it away, piping hot. Occasionally, as a menu demanded, Peng embarked upon a project of his own, stirring up slices of meat in a gravy rapidly concocted from the condiments on his table. After years of practice, he knew that the number of times he stirred his ingredients was the measure of how long it cooked; and from his experience with spices he knew exactly how his sauce would taste.

A specialty that Peng planned for our own meal later was Dripping Oil Pigeon, and he invited me now to see how it was created. An assistant took the little birds out of a steaming basket, and Peng arrayed them on a flat sieve, slowly basting them with boiling oil until their skin was brown and their flesh cooked but still tender. As a helper laid the pigeons out on a porcelain plate, Peng turned back quickly to his stove and in a matter of

seconds dashed off a sauce of hot sesame oil and diced onions. A few dishes later he motioned to me to observe another creation, called *Sau Tseng Lou*, or the Three-story Building. This was strictly for color—a layer of yellowish steamed cabbage beneath a tier of black mushrooms topped by brown pigeon eggs that had been first steamed in their shells, then deep-fried. Hardly had the dish been carried away than Peng and his apprentices were busily working over one of the fish whose gills we had inspected earlier in the day. They cleaned it, rolled it in flour and fried it in deep oil, after which Peng covered it with a blend of soybean sauce and starch. The result was *Tsui Pi Hou Tiao Yu*, or Crispy Live Grass Fish.

Watching a Chinese cook operate in the aromatic atmosphere of his kitchen beats chopping wood as a way to build up an appetite, and I was soon ravenous. Before long, however, Peng led me upstairs to a private dining room, where we met six other hungry gourmets he had invited to join us. Leaving his most experienced assistant to do the cooking, Peng sat down at the traditional round table and offered a toast in Shaohsing, a warm, sherrylike rice wine. Then we were swept up in a kind of gastronomic tidal wave. We ate our way through pigeons, vegetables, chicken and fish to an ingenious soup called *Tang Pao Jiao Sheng*, or Soup Immersed Pork Fillet, made at the table simply by pouring boiling chicken broth over raw shredded pork. By the time we had reached the customary finale—fried rice—Peng seemed to be glowing with the satisfaction of an artist at a successful *verve*. He had talked little during the meal, but now he ventured a confidence. A year or so ago, he said, a Chinese-American had offered to set him up in a restaurant in New York. Peng had declined, but he refused to tell me why. Was it a matter of money? Or reluctance to leave Taipei? I don't know for sure, but I secretly suspect he was ashamed to admit that he can't cook chop suey.

—STANLEY KARNOW

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The last shall be first

Not even seeded in the top 20, a St. Louis team survived a three-way round robin and won the Vanderbilt trophy at the Spring Nationals

In the 34 years since Harold S. Vanderbilt put into competition the coveted team trophy that bears his name, contract bridge tournaments have grown a great deal but changed only a little. Most of the events are the same, many of the players are the same, some of the winners are the same. Yet, somehow, every script is different, and the Spring Nationals in Lexington, Kentucky last month were no exception.

The crowd of participants filled the hotels of this Bluegrass horse breeders' capital and overflowed into motels for miles around, yet somehow managed to reassemble in time to make every parade to the post. Once assembled, it proceeded to write into the records a victory for a paraplegic war veteran, a case of wife beating husband (bridge style) and, in the final round robin, a Cinderella story with a slight'y different twist.

In the opening events, New York's Philip Feldesman continued his recent winning ways, pairing with Ivan Erdos of Los Angeles to take the Men's Pairs. Sylvia Stein of Detroit and Carol Sanders of Nashville took the Women's Pairs, and the right to play for the U.S. in the same event in the World Bridge Pair Olympiad in Cannes later this month. With Jesse D. Cook from Mount Clemens, Grant Marsee of Dearborn, Michigan, doomed to a wheelchair by back injuries suffered while he was in the Air Force, tied for the Mixed Pair title.

The main event in Lexington, the Vanderbilt, mustered a field of 60 teams of the country's top bridge players who played a two-losses-and-you're-out series of head-to-head matches. The first major upsets occurred in the third round when initial defeats were pinned on my team (which included Mrs. Helen Sobel, Howard Schenken, Peter Leventritt, Harold Ogust and Boris Koyichou); on the defending champions (Robert Jordan, Arthur Robinson, Eric Murray,

Charles Coon plus a pair of Coast stars, Edwin Kantar and Marshall Miles), and on the team of Tobias Stone, Alvin Roth, George Rapee, Sidney Silodor and Norman Kay. The Stone team's defeat was the most notable because it was administered at the hands of a one-man, four-girl group that included Stone's wife. The following deal was the critical one because it led to the conclusion that when a husband tries to take advantage of his wife, he should do so only in the privacy of their home—not under the glaring light of the tournament table.

North-South
vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ K Q 4
♥ 10 7 5 2
♦ Q 8 6 2
♣ Q 10

WEST
♠ 8 5 3
♥ A
♦ 7 5 3
♣ J 6 4 3

EAST
♠ K J 4
♥ A K 10
♦ A 9 8 7 2
♣

SOUTH
♠ A J 9 2
♥ A Q 9 8 6
♦ J 4
♣ K 5

EAST (Ken)	SOUTH (Mrs. Stone)	WEST (Shore)	NORTH (Mrs. J. Anderson)
1 ♠	DECL	3 ♥	1 N ♣
2 ♥	DECL	3 ♠	PASS
PASS	3 ♥	PASS	4 ♥
DECL	PASS	PASS	PASS

With a bust hand, Stone tried to steal the heart suit with a psychic bid of the kind that seldom works against good opponents. This one backfired in several different ways. It actually helped the opponents find their heart fit, and at the same time it induced Kay to reveal, by his raise of hearts and his double of the final contract, that he held both missing honors. Declarer dropped the club king under East's ace. A second club was won with dummy's queen and the 7 of hearts

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was returned. When East ducked, Mrs. Stone let the 7 ride. More trump leads picked up East's king-jack and declarer had to lose only one club and two diamond tricks.

At the other table, Silodor and Rapee also got to four hearts, but without the aid of the psychic and the double. Declarer took a first-round finesse of the heart queen and lost a trump in addition to three tricks in the minors. This contributed 14 IMPs to the Stone team's loss in the interfamily battle.

As the rounds went by, the 24th-seeded St. Louis team, headed by Jerry Levitt and including his wife, Carolyn, Garrett Nash, George De Rantz and Larry Kolker, survived one early defeat and then began to bowl over all opponents, eventually eliminating the team headed by Edgar Kaplan and then the team headed by Mike Michaels, to reach the finals. Meanwhile, aided by two bye rounds, the Stayman team (including, in addition to Sam Stayman, Morton Rubnow, Victor Mitchell, Philip Feldesman and Ira Rubin) was undefeated when it met my team in the semifinal. We managed to beat them, winning by a margin

East-West
vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ K J 5 3 2
♥ Q 10 6 5
♦ Q 8 2
♣ —

WEST
♠ 7 6 4
♥ A K
♦ J 3
♣ 10 9 7 5 4 2

EAST
♠ Q 9
♥ 4 2
♦ K 10 9 6 5
♣ Q J 6 3

SOUTH
♠ A 10
♥ J 9 8 7 3
♦ A 7 4
♣ A K 8

SOUTH
(Declarer)
N 3 NT
2♥
4♥
PASS
PASS

WEST
(Assistant)
PASS
PASS
PASS
Dbl.

NORTH
(Condonator)
2♠
PASS
6♥
PASS

EAST
(Opponent)
PASS
PASS
PASS
PASS

of 23 IMPs to send the final into a three-team round robin. The bridge in this match was excellent, despite the kibitzer-delighting fiasco of both teams, who reached a small slam without the top trumps, on the hand shown above.

The two-club response asked South to show a four-card major. When South rebid his hearts to show a five-carder, North jumped to slam. The bidding when my teammates held the North-South cards was nearly identical and the

continued

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BRIDGE continued

doubled contract went down a trick at both tables. No doubt my comment will inspire a dozen letters from system-monsters who can tell me exactly how to stay out of such slam contracts, but I do not find a great deal to criticize. When one side holds so many high cards outside the trump suit, with such enormous duplication of values as the club void facing partner's ace-king, it is difficult to learn about the missing high trumps.

The result of the Stayman match filled our team with optimism. Two years before, we had stopped the unbeaten contender in the Masters Knockout Team Championship to force a round robin and we then went on to win. We had high hopes that history was about to repeat, but it was the Cinderella story that repeated. The Levitt team had shone from the start and it continued to shine all through the early play, at half time leading in both matches. But the night session would go on past midnight, and there was a feeling that, when midnight struck, the magic spell might be broken. It didn't turn out that way.

We defeated the Stayman team 70-66 but were in turn defeated by Levitt 98-61. Levitt lost to Stayman, so that each team

North-South
vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH

♠ A 10 9 6 3
♥ A
♦ K Q 7 4 3
♣ 8 5

WEST

♠ K 8 7 4
♥ J 6
♦ 10 5 6 2
♣ K 10 3

EAST

♠ Q
♥ K 10 8 7 3 2
♦ A J 8 5
♣ 7 2

SOUTH

♠ J 5 2
♥ Q 9 5 4
♦ —
♣ A Q J 9 8 4

WEST

(De Root)

PASS

PASS

PASS

PASS

NORTH

(Feldman)

1 ♠

PASS

4 ♥

PASS

EAST

(Keller)

2 ♣

PASS

PASS

PASS

SOUTH

(Rabau)

3 ♠

PASS

6 ♣

Opening lead: 8 of spades

won one match; but the Stayman team won by only 3 IMPs, 76-71, so the Levitt team won the Vanderbilt, and we were declared runners-up on comparison of total IMPs. Indeed, Levitt might have defeated Stayman, too, had either East or West uttered the magic word "double" on the very last hand (see above).

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2 men
in 5

with sensitive
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GET

afta

and get rid of those shaving irritations!



Duplication of values was responsible for another losing slam bid in this hand. South's free bid in clubs was inspired to some extent by his void in diamonds. Feldesman's cue bid in hearts was made *en passant*. It was just as cheap as bidding four spades and conveyed additional information in case South held a stronger hand. Rubin couldn't be sure his partner had neutral support for clubs, as the cue bid seemed to imply, but he had already indicated that he was prepared to play the hand in partner's spade suit, so North could correct to six spades if he could not tolerate six clubs.

As is often the case in such circumstances, I would judge that both partners overbid slightly. But it was the last hand of the match and no doubt they felt that they needed a favorable swing.

Rubin took the play that offered best hope of making the club slam. He won dummy's spade ace, dumping the jack under East's queen and leading to his club queen. If East held the doubleton king, trumps could be drawn, the spades established and the diamond king pushed through East's ace for a third discard. But the club finesse failed and two spade tricks put the contract down two.

At the other table, Levitt and Nash reached four spades and were also down two. It might have been made with double-dummy play against East's opening lead of the club 7, won by West's king and followed by a club return. Dummy continues with a high club, declarer discarding a diamond and East's ruff is with the spade queen. Assuming a heart return, North takes the ace and leads the diamond king, discarding from dummy if East plays low or ruffing if East covers with the ace. Good clubs are pulled through West's trumps with North overruffing and leading diamonds to put dummy back in. The best West can do is win another trump trick and the defense gets only one club and two trumps.

Had Levitt made four spades, or had his teammates doubled the six-club bid the Levitt team would have picked up more than enough IMPs to win the Stayman match as well. It turned out they didn't need to.

All the members of the Levitt team and mine have now automatically qualified to compete in the Team Trials to select our international team for 1962, so we'll get our chance to meet them again in Phoenix in November. Meanwhile, however, the Levitt team is sporting no mere glass slipper but the treasured Vanderbilt trophy.

END

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There I was
across the finish.
Goggles down, riding on
three wheels and a grin.

No, but I had the
look of a winner. You've
got that look, Gimlet.

And the taste. Vodka,

**Rose's
Lime Juice**
and ice. First in a
field of one.

From now on it's
you and me, kid.

Grand Prix
all the way.

Gin in a Gimlet also comes
across as a winner.

Recipe: 4 or 5 parts gin or
vodka to 1 part Rose's
Lime Juice, over ice, in an
old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND





Drawings by Freddie Golden

Using a wedge to avoid a risk



To play short wedge shot, Nicklaus keeps left hand firmly on club, directs hit with right hand. Using a slow, easy swing, he strokes ball with open blade.

It is a sad fact that many good rounds are ruined by the failure of a risky shot. When faced with a situation where boldness might save a stroke, it makes sense to weigh the risk carefully against the possible gain before rushing headlong into the shot. In the U.S. Open at Oakland Hills last year I was four over par after 17 holes, and on 18 I had missed the green with my approach, the ball kicking down into the rough at the left. To get the ball close to the pin, which was placed in the front right-hand corner of the green, I had an extremely delicate pitch over a deep, wide trap and a mound (dotted line above). The temptation to take the gamble and recoup some of the strokes I had lost earlier was extremely great. But so was my chance of dumping the pitch into the trap (alternate dotted line) and taking six or seven on the hole. I finally decided to play for a sure five and pitched the ball safely away from the trap (solid line). I play these short wedge shots with an open blade and take a slow, easy swing, keeping my left hand firmly on the club and making the hit with my right hand. The idea is to get the ball up in the air quickly and have it land softly. This left me with a 15-foot putt which, as a matter of fact, I almost sank. I finished the tournament in a tie for fourth. The lesson to be learned from this is valuable, I think. In stroke play, when winning does not depend upon a particular shot, play safely away from danger and hope that a good putt will do the work for you. Sometimes you can save yourself two or three strokes this way.

The count: one, two, three and out

The protracted, even ridiculous, series of fights between Paul Pender and England's Terry Downes came to a gratifying conclusion in Boston last weekend when Pender regained, as expected, his middleweight title

The absurd series of fights between Paul Pender of Brookline, Mass. and Terry Downes of London, England finally was concluded in Boston last week when Pender regained the version of the world middleweight title recognized in Massachusetts, New York and Europe. Their first fight, in January 1961, should by natural law have been their last. On that occasion Pender felled Downes in the first round and sorely beat him until the fight was stopped in the seventh, with Downes freely bleeding from a nasty cut on his nose, or, as he calls it with an affection normally reserved for small animals, his "hooter." There was some wishful thinking among the British boxing writers, who have had a bleak gene-

tion of fallen heroes, that Downes was just beginning to "come on" when the fight was terminated. This optimism was not shared by Downes. He admitted that, puny as the knockdown and the cut on his hooter, he not only neglected to use his brains but was getting them beaten in.

On July 11 of last year, however, the two men fought again, this time in London. The only reason for the rematch was that Pender was guaranteed \$34,000 (the law of supply and demand overriding any other consideration), an amount that would keep one, as Terry put it, in plenty of "bread and jam." The fight figured to be easy pickings for Paul, but this time Downes won, although under

baffling circumstances. Pender was leading by a narrow margin when he abruptly retired on his stool (a respected British custom) before the 10th round, crying, mystifyingly, "He can't do that to me! He can't do that to me!" Downes said that Pender quit, adding heatedly, "He didn't quit because I was quoted as saying he quit. He quit because he quit." After alarms of betting coups and disasters (and after Sam Silverman, the Boston promoter, was given a kick in the shins by an inflated London bookmaker), Pender explained his withdrawal: he had caught cold when a parishioner sneezed behind him in church several days before the fight, and he was beginning to feel fragile. This explanation was received skeptically. As Aristotle says, "A convincing impossibility is preferable to an unconvincing possibility."

Of course, there was a return-bout clause and an opportunity for still more bread and jam all around. This led to the fight in the Boston Garden last Saturday night, where the action was generally of a piece. It was an unruly, hard-fought contest, largely artless. Downes was cut once again. Pender was cut; even Referee Jimmy McCarron, a serene, slow-moving gentleman, seemed to come up with a nick near his left eye. Pender, whose nose increasingly resembles a cheerless mountain range but who otherwise is a wan, clerkly-looking fellow, was unsettled at the start, ill-coordinated, even drowsy. Downes consequently won the first two rounds. From that point on, though many of the rounds were close, Pender was in command. Downes would stalk malishly forward, intent on either hitting Pender "downstairs," which was supposed to sap his energies, or throwing a right-hand lead to the chops—but too few of these, too few. If eventually anyone was fatigued,



REFEREE JIMMY MCCARRON WARNS DOWNES (AT LEFT) FOR FLAGRANT BUTTING

continued



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BOXING continued

it was Downes, and this in spite of the fact that he drank a mysterious potion after the weigh-in. "A secret preparation," Terry explained. "I got it from the aborigines in Paddington."

Pender, for his part, moved lightly about, jabbing famously, as is his custom, hooking deftly with the same hand and throwing some noteworthy rights. "He's a strong, tough kid," Paul said later, "and he keeps coming, but you can read him pretty well." Indeed, Pender noticed that whenever Downes was going to toss his right, he sympathetically lowered his left, enabling Pender to cross over with his own right. More important, Pender often threw punches in sequence, which Downes never did, and was able to contain Downes's rushes either by sidestepping or by some judicious holding. The latter so enraged Downes that he retaliated by butting and heeling in the clinches—for which he was reprimanded several times.

Pender clearly was the sharper and more accurate hitter, and from the 10th round on, since Downes hasn't the punch to knock down a moving target like Pender, the outcome was foreordained, at least to everyone but Terry; at the final bell he paraded about the ring alternately blowing kisses to the crowd, which included 137 gloomy compatriots who had flown over on a chartered plane, and extravagantly shaking hands with himself above his head. He was dumbstruck and smote his temples when Pender received the decision on all of the cards. Judge Harry French was most competent, scoring it 146-141. The referee and the other judge had it far too close: 144-143 and 145-143 respectively. Said Pender wryly: "And these fighters worry about coming here and getting a Boston Decision!"

Downes was, admittedly, a somewhat better fighter than he had been the first go-round. The lesson he said he had learned from that fight was "not to lend with my face." Indeed, he protected it from time to time by holding his arms vertically in front of it like prison bars. He remains, however, just a club fighter, lacking Pender's ability to adapt, his resourcefulness, his variety. Sam Burns, Terry's manager, said that Downes had come to America on a boat instead of flying "because he can swim a few strokes but can't fly an inch." He can't box a lick either. Or, as Al Lacy, Pender's trainer, said, "If Downes would only

concentrate on trying to improve instead of trying to destroy everybody who gets in his way, . . ."

Downes, balancing an ice pack like a tam-o'-shanter on his head, was bitter at his fate. "I'm not complaining," he prefaced his postfight complaints. "Pender is a brilliant fighter, but he fought in flashes. Pender's the same, only he holds a little better now, like Ozzie the bear. [In Boston, Downes trained in a wrestlers' gym—retouched photographs of bearded giants and grinning dwarfs on the walls—where he said he had watched a wrestling bear named Ozzie work out.] They don't want a fight here. They want a wrestling match. Fight a little, hold a lot. Then they mix it up. Hold a lot, fight a little. Unfortunately, neither I nor the referee could stop him holding—but I was trying harder than he was. Well, maybe I'm biased." In Downes's favor, he has a point about holding. Although illegal under U.S. rules as well as English, the ban against it is more rigorously enforced in Great Britain. In fact, unless absolutely flagrant, a bit of holding is just part of the game hereabouts.

Pender was bitter, too, though for more involved reasons. He is a stringently introspective, brooding and disappointed man. "I'm not satisfied with myself," he said on becoming champion again. "Still fighting, a man my age." He is 34, Downes 25. "A man my age, with a family, should do something else. I should think by now I should have done something far more constructive in life. Ah, but you go along with the trend, the drift, you drift. What's everyone's ambition in life? To do things the easy way rather than the hard."

Still, the evening ended on an unexpectedly jolly note. Downes jauntily came to Pender's dressing room to pay the customary respects. Then he proceeded to address. "We've been together all evening," he said good-humoredly, stepping into the shower with Pender. "We might as well stay together."

Where do we go from here? Pender will most likely settle the middleweight championship—and eliminate the confusion and controversy surrounding it—by taking on Gene Fullmer, who is the National Boxing Association champion, acclaimed in all states save Pender's, as well as Asia and South America. Cus D'Amato, Floyd Patterson's manager, offered Pender \$100,000 to fight his middleweight, Jose Torres. But Torres, like Dick Tiger, an even worthier opponent, will have to get in line. **END**



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EDDIE ARCARO

continued from page 23

great rides that Eddie Arcaro presented, he also presented another side of himself, which naturally attracted the affection of the racegoer. In the walking ring at Belmont Park, for instance, he seemed to enjoy parading his horses before leaving the paddock to go onto the track. The people would hoot at him and call him Banana Nose, but he would laugh and enjoy the hyplay. "The horse-players were funny," he said. "And I enjoyed being Eddie Arcaro immensely. Sometimes, though, they'd get to me and bring out the Dago in me. One time at Belmont this guy whispered, 'Hey, Arcaro, I hope your children get cancer.' I could have killed him, and if I wasn't on a horse I would have jumped over that rail and got him."

He thought for a minute and said, "I guess Johnny Longden is the oldest guy around outside of me that is still riding. When I was out in California this winter he came to me and said, 'Eddie, I'm thinking about retiring.' I said to him Johnny, you're only 54, you're just approaching your prime. Tonight he called me on the phone to say something nice about my retiring. I was busy and couldn't get to the phone, but I bet he was sittin' out there in Arcadia with all his money on the kitchen table, wearing a 40¢ necktie and gettin' ready to laugh when I found out he was calling me collect."

"I've spent a lot of money. Oh, don't worry about me, I got a lot left. But I went first cabin. I tried to live the right way. Maybe in the last few years I aged right along with the whisky." He laughed. "A lot of people have called me the best hangover rider in history."

"It's been good and it's been bad, but I guess it was the worst when I got set down for a year. I tried to put a Cuban jockey named Vincent Nodarse over the rails at old Aqueduct. He cut me off and I shot out after him, and every time I went to knock him over the fence his horse kept stumblin' and I couldn't get to him. When the race was over the stewards called me up and old man Woodward [William Woodward Sr., the presiding steward] said, 'Son, what were you trying to do out there?' I said, 'I was trying to kill that Cuban so-and-so.' I got suspended for a year and every month I'd have to go before the stewards and plead my case to try and get back riding. But for some

reason or another they had a record device in the stewards' room that day, and old man Woodward would turn it on and I'd hear myself saying again that 'I was trying to kill that Cuban so-and-so,' and I didn't have a chance of getting back. Old Mrs. Payne Whitney, she was the one that saved me. She let me go to Aiken for Greentree and paid me \$1,000 a month to work her horses. Every few weeks she'd send me a check for \$500 so I'd have some money to spend. Young Carolyn was just about to be born, and Ruth and I didn't have much money. She wrote a letter to Mr. Woodward and I still have it. It said, 'Dear Bill, I know you try to do the best for everyone, but the one thing I want to see before I die is to see Eddie ride again.' And he let me and it changed my whole life. It made me obey the rules, and it made me realize what being nice to people means."

Humor and humility

"It has been tough but it's been fun too. I'll never forget the Thoroughbred Racing Association found out that my old man was running a bar in Covington, Ky. and that he was hiring half of it out to a bookmaker. The TRA came to me and said, 'Do you mind if we go to your father and ask him to close the bookmaker down? Having a book there might hurt your name.' Well, they went down and they said, 'Mr. Arcaro, we are here to ask you to close down the book so that no scandal comes to your son.' He looks 'em right in the eye and says, 'You go back and tell Eddie that I love him very much. Tell him also that my name was Arcaro a lot longer before his ever was.'"

Eddie Arcaro was a hero to bartenders, social pretenders, racket guys and Racquet Club members. Early one Saturday evening he was rushing through O'Hare Airport in Chicago to catch a flight to New York. He had finished third in a \$100,000 race at Arlington Park, and he carried his tan grip in his right hand with his whip entwined in the handles. A woman rushed up to him, dragging a towheaded 4-year-old boy with her. "Mr. Arcaro," she said, "could he have your autograph?" As everyone fumbled for a pen Arcaro knelt next to the boy and patted his head. When no pen was produced Arcaro shrugged his shoulders and gave the boy the whip. When his flight was called and he left the woman said, "My! My! What a fine little man."

END

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The Opening of the Father Season



Illustration by Michael Rarus

In most households April is the month when the head of the house goes out to catch trout. But in the Rhoades family it was usually father who got caught

by JONATHAN RHOADES

Each year, as the vernal equinox approached, Father's behavior would trend more and more toward the irrational. I do not refer merely to the fact that he would go to the office wearing nonmatching socks or striped ties with striped shirts: Father did this all year round, as he was an extremely poor riser and could not even distinguish one of his children from another until he had had his two cups of coffee and then could only distinguish us as to sex, not nomenclature.

Father's annual malaise began about the middle of March, and it could be predicted with precision by Mother. She kept her eyes on the frozen pond that lay between our house and the shopping district, and the day when the first patch of open water became visible in the pond Mother would summon us children and announce, "It's here. Conduct yourselves accordingly."

Sure enough. That night Father would come home with the glazed look in his eyes, a zombie in a Brooks Brothers suit. "Good evening, Father," I would say politely. "Fine, thank you," Father would answer. The fishing season was on.

In order to understand Father's behavior at

continued



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Father Season continued

the beginning of each fishing season one must understand what he had been doing all winter. He studied the fishing magazines, he oiled and polished his tackle, he went to outdoor shows. Above all, he kept hanging around the mailbox waiting for the arrival of the three most important literary events of each year: the catalogs of L. L. Bean, Vom Hofe and Abercrombie & Fitch. The L. L. Bean catalog was full of references to Mr. Bean himself, who had become sort of a demigod to Father. The simple words, "This new reel was personally tested by Mr. Bean," were enough to cause Father to send a check special delivery to

ABOUT THIS STORY

The Opening of the Father Season is a chapter from a forthcoming book (Harper & Brothers) by Jonathan Rhoades, some of whose boyhood misadventures have previously appeared in these pages.

Freeport, Me. The Vom Hofe and Abercrombie & Fitch catalogs, on the other hand, served the same purpose for Father that Vogue might on tenant farms: they showed him how the upper classes lived and sent him into agonies of coveting \$100 reels, fine \$500 split-bamboo fly rods and hand-tied dry flies. Whenever Father is now, I know that at this very moment he is poking through the trays of Parmachene Belles, Silver Doctors and Gray Ghosts in that great Abercrombie & Fitch branch store in the sky.

One other preseasonal activity for Father was the care and feeding of various types of bait, for the truth was that he only deluded himself into thinking that he was a fly-fisherman and a plug caster. Mainly (I would say about 99%), he was a bait fisherman. We kept a worm box in the pantry, alongside the vat full of pork chunks, pork rinds and pickled frogs, and all winter long Father would tend his worms like a faithful Basque shepherd. Each morning they got a gentle sifting of flour and breadcrumbs; they were watered at night, and if electric blankets had been around in those days Father would have bought one for his worms. The tragedy of it is that the

worms never made it through the winter, try as he might, Father had a brown thumb with worms.

He also spent many years perfecting a system for raising minnows for bait, on the theory that this would give us a permanent supply. The minnows went the way of the worms, except for one batch that thrived beyond Father's wildest expectations. At the end of one summer he had taken his net down to Darby Creek to collect a minnow crop for the annual attempt to raise them indoors. After several hours Father returned home with bait pail full of lively little fish. These he installed in the old bathtub in the basement. He hooked up the 1/2-hp compressor, which pumped air through the water, arranged the incoming and outgoing supply of water so that it was just right and threw a pinch of raw hamburger into the tank. Wham! Those minnows grabbed the meat like pranhiss, and Father knew he was in business. All during the winter the little minnows kept growing and growing, until some of them had reached the five- and six-inch class. It was at that point that Father noticed the dark green stripe down their sides. "Look at this, Sonny," he said to me one night, his face tragic.

"Do you see what I see?"

"You mean that stripe, Father?" I said.

"Yes, I mean that stripe. Do you know what that means?"

"No," I said.

"It means I have been raising largemouth bass," Father said, his voice quaking with anger and frustration.

Poor Father. He shut down the compressor, turned off the water and climbed wearily up the stairs. "Caroline," he said to my mother, "I have been raising largemouth bass all winter."

"Why, Harvey," my mother said "How nice."

"It's not nice," Father said. "The law says you can't use game fish as bait."

"But, Harvey," Mother said in the tone that psychiatric nurses use with severely disturbed patients, "don't you and Jonathan and Charles go fishing for largemouth bass?"

"Yeah, yeah," Father said. "So what?"

"Well, now, if you've learned how to raise them yourself you won't have to go fishing for them. And think what that

continued

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partner's tow rope by inches*



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will mean to our lives, Harvey. We'll see each other this summer, Harvey!"

"Caroline," Father said, "for all your finishing schools on your old man's money you never learned a thing." He stomped off, and Mother returned to her knitting, traces of a smile playing around her lips. Don't kid yourself about Mother; she learned plenty at those finishing schools.

As the days grew warmer, Father's emotions would reach a peak, and soon would come the day when we would be riding in the coach of the Pennsylvania Railroad's milk run out to Ridley Creek, home of fighting six-inch trout and three game wardens per square foot. "Oh boy, Sonny," Father would say. "We're gonna kill 'em today. What a day! Oh, boy, I can't wait. Conditions are perfect. [In the train en route conditions were always perfect.] And there was a full moon last night." (Some people said that so far as Father and fishing were concerned, there was *always* a full moon.)

But after five fruitless casts on Ridley Creek he would be moaning and complaining that the Pennsylvania Fish Commission was getting awful chintzy about stocking, that they ought to take better care of this stream and somebody better do something about the lousy beaver dams that were flattening out the water and making it impossible for

Father, peerless fly caster that he was, to catch trout on flies in the white water, the way God intended.

As a kid, I never understood how Father could be so high on trout fishing at one point and so low on it a few minutes later. Now, however, I think I understand. Father had an *emotional overinvestment* in fishing. All winter long he would live in a dream world in which there were no mosquitoes, no backlashed reels, no trout under three pounds and no bass under five. He fed himself a steady diet of *Field & Stream*, *Outdoor Life* and *Sports Afield*, and in those journals America's streams and lakes are brim-filled with trout, bass and the mighty muskellunge; fishermen do not get skunked, they merely catch one less than the limit, or fail to catch Old Lunkerhead but fill out their strings with small, eight-pound largemouths.

Now here would be poor Father on the stream, not only failing to catch Old Lunkerhead but also failing to get a strike—any strike—from trout. At such times I could see the wheels going around in Father's head. *He would not be skunked*. He might not get trout, but he would get something—if only a chub or redbin. One year, I remember, what he got was worms, and he was happy as a loony bird about it. We were on Ridley Creek again, and five minutes of casting with wet flies and streamers had produced the usual nothing. Father turned to me and announced, "Worms is the thing." (Father had been an English major at the University of Pennsylvania,



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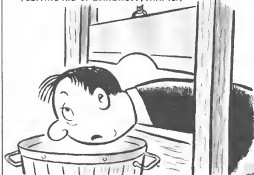
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Father Season continued

but he always forgot all about that when he was on the stream.) We dug the whole morning without turning up one worm. "We'll get some worms if we gotta dig the whole damn day!" Father said. After a while we found ourselves in a swampy area, and Father proudly held up a three-inch worm. "Ah hah!" he said. A few minutes later he held up another three-inch, and at the end of several hours we had maybe a dozen. "O.K. Father," I said, "let's try 'em out now."

"No, no," he said. "Not till we get a few more." Just then he turned over a spadeful of earth and came upon one of the most breathtaking sights in all of nature: a big fat worm six inches long. "Looks that," said Father. "Is that a trophy or is that a trophy?" From then on it went great. Father made the earth fly, until he had dug out an area big enough for the Philadelphia City Hall foundation, and he brought up two or three beauties with every spadeful. "Don't you think we should start fishing?" I would say periodically, and Father would answer "Just a few more days, Sonny. Just keep your shirt on."

At a quarter to 5, 15 minutes before the last train home, I pointed out that we would not be able to fish any more that day. "Oh?" he said. "That's bad news. But look at those worms!" He talked about them all the way home and showed them to the conductor.

Father was the same way about butfish. Sometimes we would go down to Darby Creek and fish for chubs, then we would plop them in a bait bucket. To catch chubs we used dough bait prepared the night before by Father, the master chef. He used flour and milk for bulk, asafoetida for some reason which escapes me, and medicinal cotton to make the doughballs stay on the tiny No. 16 hooks. For flavor and individuality, Father always threw in a cup of shredded scallions and a soupçon of garlic. You could smell us a block away ("and so can the chubs," Father said wisely), and we always had the rear section of the interurban train all to our-

continued



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Father Season *continued*

selves as we headed down to the creek.

Now the only thing in the world that chubs are good for is bait for bass, and that was supposed to be why we were going after them. But Father would always get carried away and put on bigger and bigger doughballs to catch bigger and bigger chubs. The result was that we would go home with buckets full of eight- and 10-inch chubs, which would have terrified the eight- and 10-inch bass we intended to use them on. The next day I would be red-hot to get out to the lake and fish for bass. But we would not have any bait small enough. This would force us to use plugs, and it is a matter of scientific fact, amply proved by Father and myself, that no bass has ever been taken on a plug. So we would cast our River Runtz and Bass-Orenos for 10 or 15 minutes, and then Father (who had to have fish, any kind of fish) would suggest that we go over to Chester Creek and catch some spring-run suckers.

The thing about suckers is that they will drive you absolutely nuts, and this was something that Father did not need. You fish for suckers by putting a worm on the bottom, held down by a little lead; then you take up all the slack and lay the fly rod on the bank at right angles to the line. The sucker will nibble around that bait until you're ready for the nearest mental hospital, and you will observe every nibble because the tip of the flyrod moves in tiny quarter-inch arcs with each touch of the bait.

Father would see the movements and holler, "Stand back!" as if we were fishing for spooky native trout. Sometimes we would sit there, immobile, for an hour, or until Father discovered that it was the current, not a sucker, that had been moving the rod tip so seductively. "Well," Father would say, "it was exciting all the same."

Mother was always very happy when we came home skunked from a sucker trip. She did not approve of suckers; she held that a fish that was a vacuum cleaner by trade did not appeal to her aesthetic senses. For that matter, she wasn't too enthusiastic about any fish (which was probably some sort of reaction against Father), and when we took her with us, which was rare, her game was to see how many fish she could *not* catch. One April when we were vacationing in Toms River, N.J., we got into pickerel by the hundreds. We were casting Johnson's Silver Minnows with Father's purple-dyed pork rinds trailing, and Mother would throw hers out and retrieve it at about 90 miles an hour. I will never forget the sight of those pickerel chasing after Mother's lure and Mother shouting with joy when she would whip her Johnson untouched into the boat. That night, when Father was bragging about a huge pickerel which he had just barely missed catching, Mother said, "That's nothing. You should see the one I got away from."

END



Enclosed Please Find a Checkmate

The pace of postal chess is stately rather than dizzying: a game lasts a year, a tournament as long as eight years

by RICHARD ROBERTS

The trouble with most chess players is they have no patience. In the days before chess clocks were invented, games, and even tournaments, were often as not won on *Sitzfleisch* points alone. The better man, each time it was his turn to move, simply sat, ostensibly studying the board, for as long as he could get away with it or as long as his *Sitzfleisch* apparatus held out. The moment of triumph came when his rattled opponent got desperate enough to blunder or disgusted enough to resign.

In this speed-mad world, however, grand masters play for their titles to the ticking of the chess clock, 40 moves in two-and-a-half hours. As for amateurs, nothing delights them so much as lightning chess, a ridiculous travesty of the Royal Game, played at the impetuous pace of 10 seconds a move.

The stately tradition lives on, though, in correspondence chess, a leisurely sport in which the average game takes about a year, three-year games are not unusual, tournaments have been known to go eight years and the longest known match game is 34 years old and still going strong.

Of America's million-odd active chess players (among the 12 million or so who "know the moves"), fewer than 25,000 regularly play by mail. As one over-the-board buff put it: "I couldn't stand all that waiting between moves."

Correspondence players, though, make up in enthusiasm what they lack in strength of numbers. They play, not one game at a time, not two or three—they play 30 or 40. And this is just the run-of-the-mill play. Move up into the class of the dedicated enthusiast and you find men carrying on 100 or 150 games simultaneously. Move up further still,

past the thin line that separates the fan from the fanatic, and you arrive at Robert Wyller, for example, a California gentleman who once accumulated a grand total of more than 1,100 simultaneous opponents. Where is the over-the-board master who has matched that record?

For obvious reasons, ordinary chessboards and chess pieces—even the midgit variety—won't do for postal chess. The players keep their games going on small cardboard or plastic sets, often bound loose-leaf style. The pieces, also of cardboard or plastic, stay put between moves (which can mean anything from two days to better than a year) by means of adhesive; or they are fixed in slots cut into the chessboard squares. A scorecard to keep track of the moves goes with each board. When a player makes a move he notes it on his scorecard, then sends his opponent a postcard (or a letter, if he can afford the postage) informing him, for example:

5 P-K4 P-QB4

Which, translated from chess notation, means: I acknowledge your fifth move, Pawn to King 4, and my reply is Pawn to Queen Bishop 4.

The opponent, when he gets the card, dutifully records the move on his own scorecard, makes the appropriate change on his chessboard (which is a duplicate of the one the other player has) and then decides on a reply. He, in turn, then sends out a card, which might read:

5 P-QB4 6 Nxf3

Translation: I acknowledge your fifth move, Pawn to Queen Bishop 4, and my reply is Knight takes Pawn.

Some players are quite content to send and receive so more than the bare moves; they eschew formal or informal

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Postal Chess *continued*

salutation and ending and let the return address serve to identify themselves. Some, on the other hand, write long, gossipy letters and feel slighted if these are not returned in kind. Most players fall between the two extremes.

The approach to card and letter writing is a pretty fair reflection of the variety to be found among the 100-odd postal chess clubs in the U.S. At the bare-move extreme is the International Correspondence Chess Federation, which is as formal and as formidable as its name. The small-talk approach reaches its zenith in the Wild Goose, a loose-knit bunch that started in St. Louis in the '30s as the Chatty Correspondence Chess League. Its avowed purpose is to keep chess tempered with a steady flow of conversation. Charles E. French, a 50-year-old Richmond Hill, N.Y. securities clerk, and tournament director of the Geese, says a player who fails to keep up the patter is not invited to rejoin when his year's membership is up. The group, which accepts members by invitation only, currently has 11 members.

Thinking time

But back to the ICCF, which is to postal chess what FIDE is to over-the-board chess. FIDE is The Federation Internationale des Echecs. It is to over-the-board chess what Ford Frick and the Rule Book are to big league baseball. The ICCF grants official ratings, which run from Class 3 through 2 and 1, then on to Higher Master, International Master, Grand Master and World Master.

A Russian, V. Ragozin, was World Master of correspondence chess until his recent death. Ragozin got to the top by beating down the competition in a series of preliminaries, a semifinal, and the last World Individual Correspondence Chess Championship Tournament, one of about 300 tournaments for all grades of players run every year by the Federation.

A Federation rule states that a player must take no more than 30 days in which to make 10 moves. (The postcard's travel time in the mails isn't counted; the rule concerns thinking time only.) If Player X, for example, gets a card from Player Y on June 1, thinks about it and sends out his reply on June 4, he has used up three days. If he gets his next card on June 10 and doesn't reply until June 20, he has used up a cumulative total of 13 days. This leaves him only 17 thinking



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days in which to make his next eight moves.

If, at the end of 30 thinking days (remember—time in the mails isn't counted), Player X has not made 10 moves, Player Y mails a warning. Player Y then waits 10 days for a reply. If he gets none, he notifies both his opponent and the tournament director by registered mail. Player X is then officially reprimanded by the tournament director for a time foul.

Two time fouls in a game are considered rough stuff, and a player is out. This tends to keep the players on their toes—if they do their thinking standing up. International Federation games have an absolute time limit of 30 months. At the end of that time unfinished games must be halted and the winner is decided by adjudication of the position.

The rules are roughly the same with the ICCF's North American affiliate, the Correspondence Chess League of America, one of the oldest (founded circa 1890) and largest (membership circa 1,500) postal chess outfits in the States. The league offers its members, for modest fees—\$0 to \$2—a wide assortment of events, from two-man challenge matches to the big annual Grand National for the postal chess championship of North America.

But with no World Championship at stake, play in the league tends to take a more relaxed turn. In fact it often takes a lot of goading to get a league member to report an opponent for tardiness. In one recent seven-man tourney one of the players never took less than three weeks to send replies. He got away with it until he stretched the interval to five weeks, at which point several opponents complained. When his reply time got to four months he was disqualified and his games were forfeited.

Down near the Wild Goose is an organization called the Knights of the Square Table (or NOST, the N being chess notation for knight). This is one of the newer clubs, which have been springing up in recent years like crabgrass in suburbia. Like most other clubs, it charges dues (\$2 a year) and issues a monthly magazine (mimeographed). There the resemblance ends. The NOST is as formal as a floating crap game. Time complaints, except in special prize tournaments, are looked upon with a baleful eye. There are no entry fees except, again, for special tournaments, where all fees go back to the participants anyhow in the form of cash prizes.

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Postal Chess *continued*

NOST ratings are different, too. Newcomers start off as Schtunks and can work their way up through Schlemiel, Schmo, Schnook, Below Average to Average and Above Average. The player who gets to Average wins a "Legion of Merit," a sort of permanent trophy, but he also is automatically dropped back to his Schtunk rating. This serves admirably to keep the members from taking themselves or their chess matches too seriously.

The club was started in March 1960 by Bob Lauzon, a 51-year-old retail store manager from Pittsford, N.Y., who says he was driven to it by the unfriendliness of some of his postal chess partners. The club rules are set forth in a 12-point "creed." Sample:

"3 I will always accept defeat gracefully and thank the winner for a nice game.

"4 I will win graciously and thank the loser for a nice game.

"5 If I win I will thank the loser for thanking me for thanking him for . . ."

All of which might lead you to suspect that the NOSTs are either a bunch of crackpots, a group of die-hard Pollyannas or a little of each. Whatever you call them, the members are likely to agree—and to ask you to come on in, the chess is fine.

French, the Wald Goose president, also is captain of the New York Giants, an eight-man postal chess team that belongs to the National Postal Chess League. The National League has its headquarters in St. Louis, is 300 members strong and is run by Gordon Bennett, a tax accountant with a passion for organizing chess clubs.

There are also five teams in the American League, which Bennett organized when the National got too big to carry the membership load by itself.

Then there is the Courier Correspondence Chess Club which, though small (200 members), rates high because it is affiliated with the United Chess Federation and can grant official postal chess master's points.

And so it goes, big clubs and little clubs, formal ones and informal ones. But the biggest of all is not really a club at all; it is a magazine, *Chess Review*, published in New York by I. A. Horowitz, a former U.S. champion and the author of a five-foot shelf of chess books. The *Review* has a circulation of about 8,000, and some 5,000 of its read-

ers regularly book themselves for one or more of its tournaments. These range from class tournaments to the annual Golden Knights, which offers a first prize of \$250.

The current holder of the Golden Knights title is Hans Berliner, who is one of the exceptions that prove the rule of noncompatibility of over-the-board and



HANS BERLINER (SEATED, RIGHT) PLAYS

postal players. Berliner is a master of board play and has held several local and state titles, including the New York state championship.

It was through *Chess Review*, incidentally, that Mr. Wylier of California booked most of his 1,100 games. (The Correspondence Chess League had him down for about 400.) Jack Staley Battell, executive editor of the *Review* and the man who does all the booking, says he "never could understand how Wylier had time to address all the cards, much less make the moves."

The resemblance—purely accidental—between chess notation and code has led to some odd situations, like the one late in the 19th century that involved Wilhelm Steinitz, the first official world champion over-the-board player. Steinitz, an Austrian, played a series of correspondence games with one of his chief rivals, Mikhail Tchernin, a Russian, and Austrian authorities suspected him of

transmitting military secrets by code.

It led also to the banning by American authorities during World War II of correspondence chess games played with opponents outside the country. Not that chess players *per se* were any more suspect than, say, stamp collectors. It was just that there weren't enough censors around who knew chess notation, and it



BOTH REGULATION AND POSTAL CHESS

was felt that those who didn't know notation would be prone to accuse patriotic, but chess-playing, citizens of treachery. This was particularly likely to happen to players who sent their moves by cable. A man playing two games with an opponent might, for example, cable a message like this: "ONE FEFO WATI TWO NOCO BIFA," which would be more than enough to make even a level-headed censor start seeing spies in woodpiles. (The message is quite innocent. For purposes of cabling chess moves, each of the 64 squares on a chessboard is given a two-letter syllable. The squares on the bottom row are BA, CA, DA, FA, GA, HA, KA and LA; those on the second row are BE, CE, DE, FE, GE, HE, KE and LE, and so on. A move consists of two syllables—the syllable of the square on which a piece stands and the syllable of the square to which it is moved. FEFO, then, means a piece is moved from Queen 2 to Queen 4. As in ordinary postal chess,

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Postal Chess *continued*

a player acknowledges his opponent's move, then makes one of his own. ONE SEND WATI TWO NOCO DIFA means: "On Board 1 I acknowledge your move Queen 2 to Queen 4 and I reply King Knight 1 to King Bishop 3, on Board 2 I acknowledge your move Queen Knight 4 to Queen Knight 5 and I reply Queen Bishop 3 to Queen 1." The names of the pieces, which aren't really needed anyhow if both squares are given, are dropped to save cable costs.)

The espionage was imaginary. So far as is known (and neither the FBI nor other undercover-type agencies will talk), no one has ever used chess moves for sending secret messages. But true-life romance has bloomed from time to time through the good offices of the postal chess exchanges. Dick Rees, who has been secretary of the Correspondence Chess League of America since 1947, recalls several amours and near-amours that began with 1 P-K4. There was the gentleman from Arizona who was matched with the widow from Los Angeles and who, before their game had gone a bare dozen moves, had visited, wooed and won his erstwhile opponent. Before the honeymoon both withdrew from the tournament; after it, both resigned from the league. Rees declines to speculate on whether this was a comment on the league's having brought them together.

True life enmity also has sprung full-blown from chess cards. Lauzon, the NOST's president, says that in his pre-NOST days he knew of a dozen-odd games that got to the just-stay-outta-my-way-if-you-ever-get-to-this-town stage. And Rees says he had to intercede in the case of one sore loser who sent his opponent a card warning him not to be too surprised if he got a package in the mail "and it blows up in your face." The winner, an elderly man who lived in a neighborhood plagued by teen-age hoods, spent many a sleepless night. Rees advised him to contact federal postal authorities.

But all this adventure is only the spice of postal chess. The average player never gets to taste more than the meat and potatoes. And, despite what over-the-board people say about them, postal players are as average a lot as you can find.

They range in age from 8 to 96; they are farmers, truck drivers, housewives, servicemen, doctors, dentists, lawyers,



RADOZIN OF RUSSIA WAS WORLD MASTER

newspapermen, students, prisoners, business executives or bums, they live on social security, on handouts or on \$75,000-plus a year; they live in the big cities, the suburbs, the exurbs, the sticks, the Far North and on merchant ships. There is, in short, little evidence to support the over-the-boarders' contention that postal players, one and all, are either crazy or far-out enough to pass for crazy.

It's true that a group of Cambridge University scholars lost a correspondence match to a Bedlam insane asylum team. But that was in 1883-85. Besides, it is quite as likely that Bedlam won in spite of, rather than because of, its outlook on life and chess.

Certainly there is nothing nutty in a leisurely approach to living. And if two men want to play chess at the rate of a move every three days—or every Christmas—who is to condemn them? Let us, rather, commend Dr. Munro MacLennan and his good friend Laurence Grant who, in 1927, while both were at Glasgow University, began a game that is still unfinished. Dr. MacLennan made his annual move, posting his letter from Sydney, Australia, where he now lives in retirement, to Mr. Grant last Christmas Day. Mr. Grant, who still lives in Glasgow, will send his reply on December 25th, 1962.

Let us praise these men, and the other practitioners of the lost art of leisure. For, as Mr. Grant says, "you just cannot hurry these things."

END



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

IF

Sirs:

At last, a factual report of the Benny Paret tragedy that did not contain boxing's epitaphs also (*The Deadly Inevitable*, April 2; *Sports Illustrated*, April 9). Kipling might have written: "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on Goldstein . . ." Most boxing fans feel awful about Benny's death, but few have the courage to say they are still fans in the face of such universal attacks from self-appointed experts.

THE REV. LEWIS P. BOHLER JR.
Los Angeles

Sirs:

In your February 3 issue Dr. Giuseppe La Cava was quoted as saying that he would like to see fighting revert back to the old bare-knuckle days. I agree with him and would like to see you prove or disprove the point (as you did with the fiber-glass pole). Also, I believe fighters are most apt to be injured when they cannot give or roll with a punch. Therefore, when a fighter is being belted while against or through the strands of the ring ropes, the referee should stop the fight and rule it a knockdown with a mandatory eight count. I think many referees delay their decision when a fighter is against the ropes because stopping it would mean the end of the fight.

Elmhurst, Ill.

JAMES E. O'BRIEN

WHERE'S ROVER?

Sirs:

In a recent article by Robert Cantwell (*Show Dogs' Names Shouldn't Happen to a Dog*, February 12) attention was called to the fact that good old-fashioned names



FIDO

have disappeared from the American show ring. I noted that in the 19th Hole (February 26) readers commented under the head "Here, Fido." Well, here indeed is Fido, a champion who won the Northern California Dalmatian Specialty at the Golden Gate Kennel Club Show in San Francisco on January 20.

THOMAS P. E. ROTHCHILD, M.D.
San Jose, Calif.

FLYING SNIPES

Sirs:

With reference to the boating article entitled *Forces from the Wings* (March 26), my patience for several months has been growing thin over your failure to do justice to the Snipe class. It finally snapped when I read that the Flying Dutchman races drew "the most thoroughly international small-boat flotilla ever seen in the U.S." There were 18 countries represented in the Snipe races on Long Island Sound September 16-22.

ROBERT F. BIGHAM
Cincinnati

Sirs:

Your Art Zich did a fine job on the Flying Dutchman, but how about giving some credit to The Skipper's Assistant Managing Editor Hugh Whall who dug out the information about the Russian cup plans?

VICTOR JOHNSON
Managing Editor

Annapolis, Md.

● **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** regrets the inadvertent omission of credit to Writer Whall, whose help was invaluable.—ED.

SPIRIT OF '76

Sirs:

Seventy-six trombones for the big parade is what we had in Bloomburg for the NAIA wrestling champs. You had 76 pages of sports coverage and failed to give one line to a national champ. Thanks 76 times

Bloomburg, Pa.

SWEDEN SOUR

Sirs:

Your article entitled "Rough Is Not Dirty" (*Sports Illustrated*, March 26) is typical of the bias everyone holds toward Canada in world amateur hockey circles. Swedes, for instance, have for some time referred to Canadian pucksters as "murderers." Lloyd Roubell's rebuttal that hockey is a game

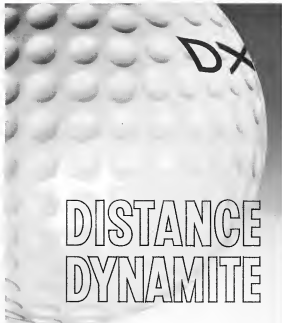
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18TH HOLE *continued*

"for men, not boys" was quite justified in the face of the Swedish cry-babying.

As for your remark that the Canada team included "a re-amateurized ex-Black Hawk," one can't help but notice the name Meserve on the American roster. Meserve was a pro footballer before he turned to hockey—and in Canada, of all places. Since his assistance to the American team was of dubious value, however, his "re-amateurization" was not mentioned. Likewise, since Canada gave the U.S. a 6-1 drubbing, any criticism of Canadian hockey by you can only be termed sour grapes.

PAUL JONES

Windsor, Ont.

Sirs:

Do we tell you Yanks how to play baseball?

TERRY PYLE

Montreal

Sirs:

The trouble with hockey in Canada is that we Canadians take it much too seriously. Sport for the sake of sport is fast disappearing. We feel that we invented hockey, therefore it is our God-given right to win. If we lose it is no longer a hockey defeat, but a national humiliation. Regrettably, we don't take defeat gracefully. To win, we pad our national teams with ex-pros. And if we can't play as well as the Swedes or Czechs or Russians or Yankees we make it up by showing them who's tougher.

Congratulations! Sometimes it does a country good to get itself punched solidly in the mouth.

JOHN BAKER

Sackville, N.B.

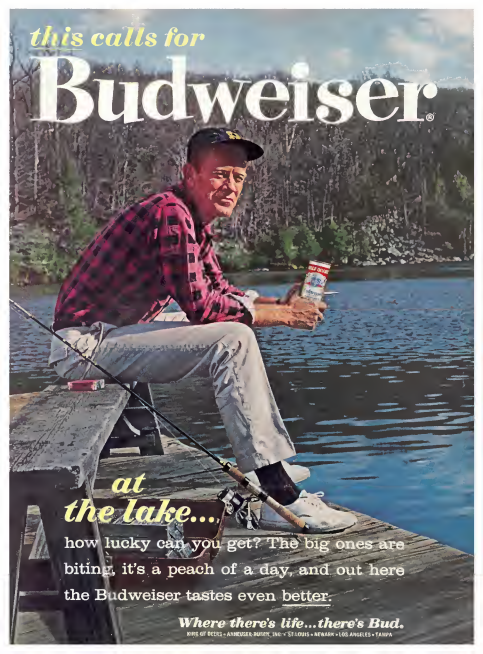
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A man in a red and black plaid shirt, light-colored pants, and a dark baseball cap is sitting on a wooden dock. He is holding a fishing rod in his left hand and a can of Budweiser beer in his right hand. The dock is made of weathered wooden planks. In the background, there is a calm lake reflecting the sky, and a dense forest of trees on the opposite shore. The overall scene is peaceful and suggests a day of leisure outdoors.

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